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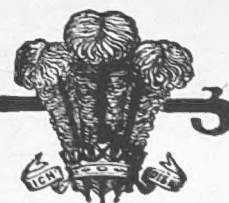


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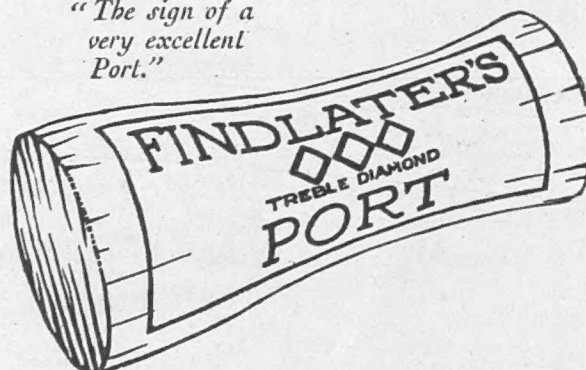
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The Sketch

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No. 1658—Vol. CXXVIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



SWEET AND TWENTY, AND THE DAUGHTER OF A FOURTH BARON AND FOURTH BARONET :
THE HON. DAPHNE VIVIAN.

The Hon. Daphne Vivian is the elder daughter of Lord Vivian, D.S.O., fourth Baron and fourth Baronet, and was born in 1904. She is a very beautiful girl, and is extremely popular in Society.

Lord Vivian, who served in both the South African War and the recent Great War, has a distinguished military record. The family seat is Glynn, Bodmin, Cornwall.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND." -

TO-DAY'S TALK ABOUT NOISE.

WHEN the next Government gets to work, I hope it will find time to pass a short Act making unnecessary noise an offence punishable by fine. In very obstinate cases, imprisonment.

Hundreds of thousands of people suffer agonies from unnecessary noise, yet nobody seems to care. In all the election speeches I read, not one candidate offered to do anything whatever to suppress unnecessary noise.

And yet we get noisier and noisier every day. I do not pretend that we are yet as noisy as the Parisian or the New Yorker, whilst the Italians, of course, are so noisy that you can shout your loudest in any public street during the daytime without attracting attention. (I have done it to see what would happen. Nothing.) We are not yet as noisy as all that, but we shall be if no steps are taken by those in authority to reduce noise.

All classes are equally guilty in this matter. We will begin with the motorist. There is a horrible instrument which sounds exactly like some antediluvian monster being violently sick. (If you tell me that I was not alive before the Flood, and therefore have no knowledge of the noises made by antediluvian monsters, I shall merely ask you for your authority. So be careful.)

This instrument, I admit, achieves its object of making people get out of the way. But it does much more than that. Not only does it blast them out of the way, but it also shatters their nerves and temporarily paralyses their limbs. I would not have a horrible thing of that sort on any car I happened to possess even though somebody sent me one wrought of pure gold and studded with precious jewels.

Let them be made illegal, and motorists will be more popular in the land. (I refer to no particular make—there are lots of makes—but to the principle of the thing.) We all want the motor trade to flourish.

I come next to early-morning noises. For some reason which may be explicable, but has never been explained to me, people who have to get up early in the morning, or who get up early from choice, regard it as their right to make as much noise in the streets as though the whole world were up and doing.

When I go home fairly late—say midnight or after, which may happen to any honest toiler in the field of humanity—I am always

very careful not to shout in the street, or bang doors of cabs, or whistle or sing as I walk along the pavement. I bear in mind that a good many people who have to rise early are already in bed and asleep, and it is not fair to wake them up. Moreover, I believe all decent and sober people who turn in late keep the same thought before them.

But the early risers never bother their heads about those who go to bed late and

Why is this? Is it because they are gay? Is it because they are happy at being up and about so early? Not at all. It is Early Rising Swank, which is the next worse form of swank to the Teetotal Swank. Everybody knows the arrogance—the insufferable superiority—of the man who never wishes anybody good health whilst destroying his own. And the reformed drunkard is worse in this way than the man who never had a drink in his life. Well, the Early Rising Swanker is second only to these people.

Children, I regret to say, are great offenders in the matter of unnecessary noise. I yield to nobody in my affection for children, but I do think there should be a limit to the amount of noise they are allowed to make in public places.

The other evening, just as I had sat down to write, there came an unearthly scream from the Square below my windows. I jumped up, rushed to the window, and peered down. There was not a sign of anything living, least of all a policeman.

Again came the scream, curdling my blood in my veins. I dashed downstairs and out of the house. Murder, undoubtedly, was being committed in this rarefied neighbourhood. But it was only two small boys chasing each other from doorstep to doorstep. Whenever one was nearly caught he emitted a scream like a lepidosiren in the teeth of a shark. Yet nobody but myself seemed to think there was anything extraordinary about the hideous performance.

On another occasion, about the same time in the evening, I heard a whistle blown. It was one of those whistles blown by policemen *in extremis*, or by nervous ladies about to expire at the hands of a non-existent burglar. It shrilled again and again through the still air of an autumn evening.

Nobody was running or even looking. All the pedestrians within sight carelessly held the tenor of their way. I alone took the trouble to investigate the matter.

I found a small girl, about seven years of age, sitting on a doorstep, blowing a full-sized police whistle.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

The small girl looked at me in wonder. "Why are you doing that?" I repeated.

"Fun," she giggled, and did it again with extreme vigour.

I returned to my study. The fun remained good for at least another hour.



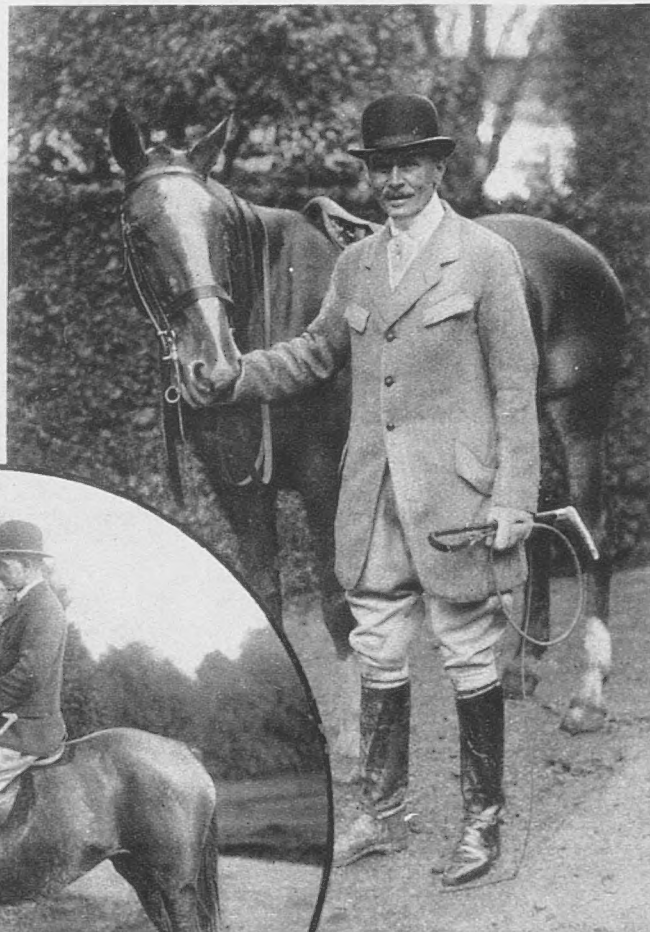
THE AUTHORS AND LEADING LADY OF "THE PELICAN": MISS TENNYSON JESSE, MISS JOSEPHINE VICTOR, AND MR. H. M. HARWOOD. "The Pelican," the new production at the Ambassadors', is by Miss Tennyson Jesse (Mrs. Harwood), the well-known novelist and playwright, and her playwright husband, Mr. H. M. Harwood, author of "The Grain of Mustard Seed," and other successful dramas. Our photograph shows Mr. and Mrs. Harwood with Miss Josephine Victor, who plays the part of Wanda Heriot, the leading woman in their play.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

are still asleep at, say, six or seven o'clock. They call loudly to each other across the street, they whistle gay tunes, and if they happen to possess any additional means of making a noise—such as a plank, or a handcart, or a ladder—they take jolly good care to use it.

Out Cubbing with the New Forest Foxhounds.



*Mr. Williams, Miss Violet Knight,
and Miss Gladys Knight.*



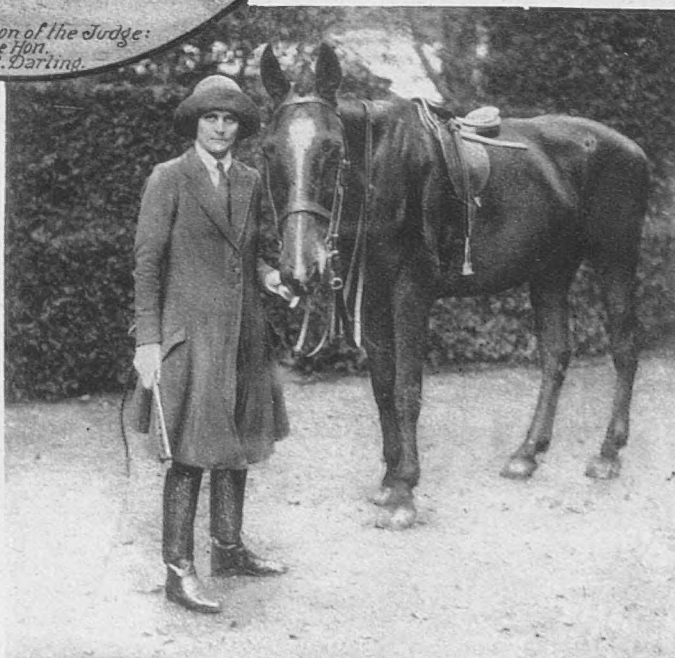
*The well known novelist:
Mr. H. A. Vachell.*



*Son of the Judge:
Major the Hon.
J. C. Darling.*



*With her son Jim:
the Hon. Mrs. Darling.*



Daughter of the novelist: Miss Vachell.

INCLUDING A FAMOUS NOVELIST: ENTHUSIASTS AT THE BERINGTON TOLL BAR MEET.

Our snapshots were taken out cubbing with the New Forest Hounds, when they met recently at Berington Toll Bar. Mr. H. A. Vachell, the well-known novelist, lives near Lyndhurst. He and his daughter hunt regularly with the New Forest. Major the Hon. J. C. Darling is

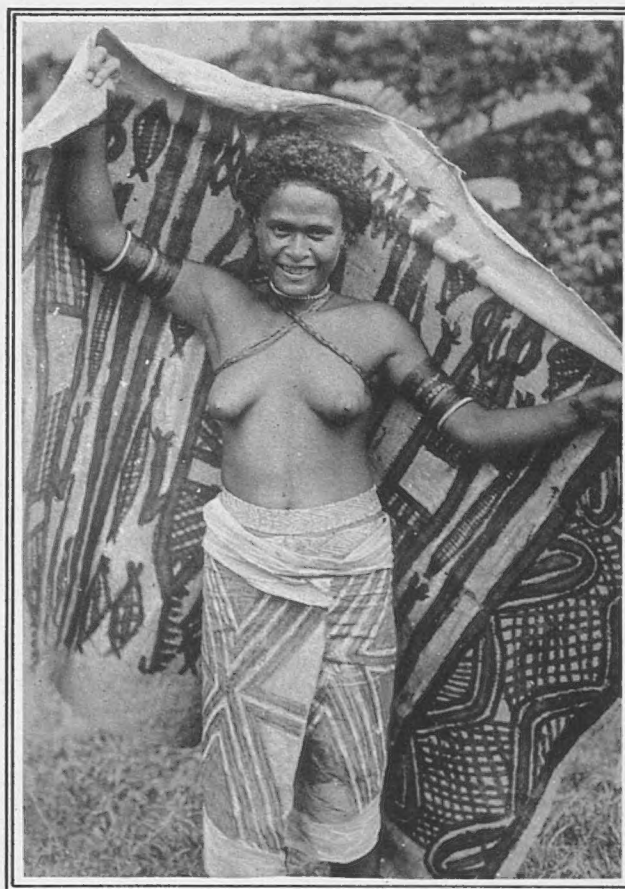
the son of Lord Darling, the famous Judge. Mrs. Darling is the daughter of Mr. H. Martin Powell, of Wilverley Park, Lyndhurst, and was married in 1918. The Misses Knight are regular followers of the New Forest, and live at Appletree Court, Lyndhurst.

Photographs by B. I.

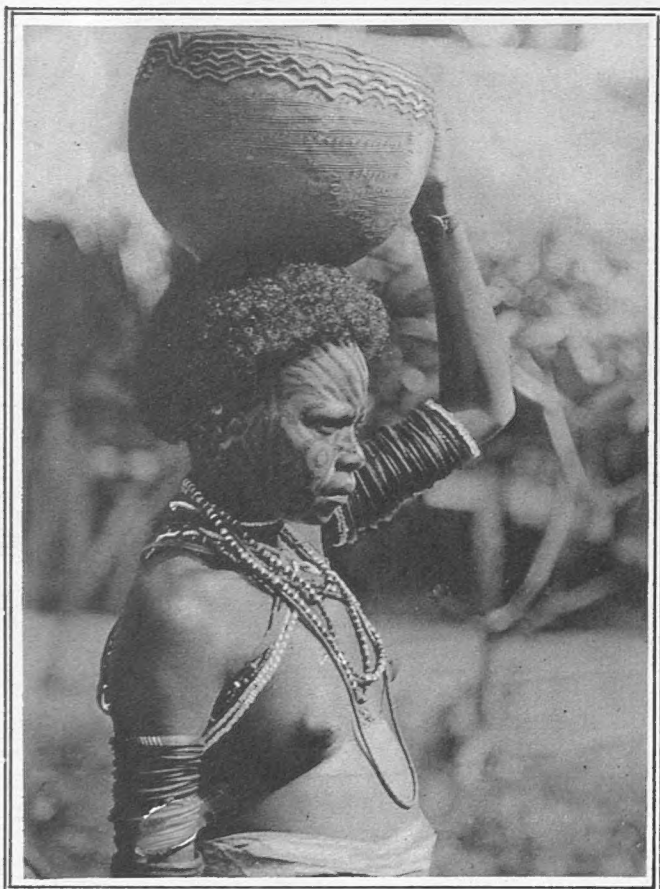
Bark Cloth and "Permanent" Make-Up: Papuan Fashions.



WEARING A MODEL OF BARK CLOTH, WITH SLAVE BRACELETS AND SHELL JEWELS: AN OROKAIWAN LEADER OF FASHION.



WITH A "SHAWL" OF TAPA CLOTH, MADE FROM THE BARK OF THE MULBERRY TREE AND DECORATED; A SMART WANIGELLA GIRL.



THE CHARM OF THE TATTOOED FACE AND THE MULTIPLE EAR-RING: A BEAUTY WITH PERMANENT "DECORATION."

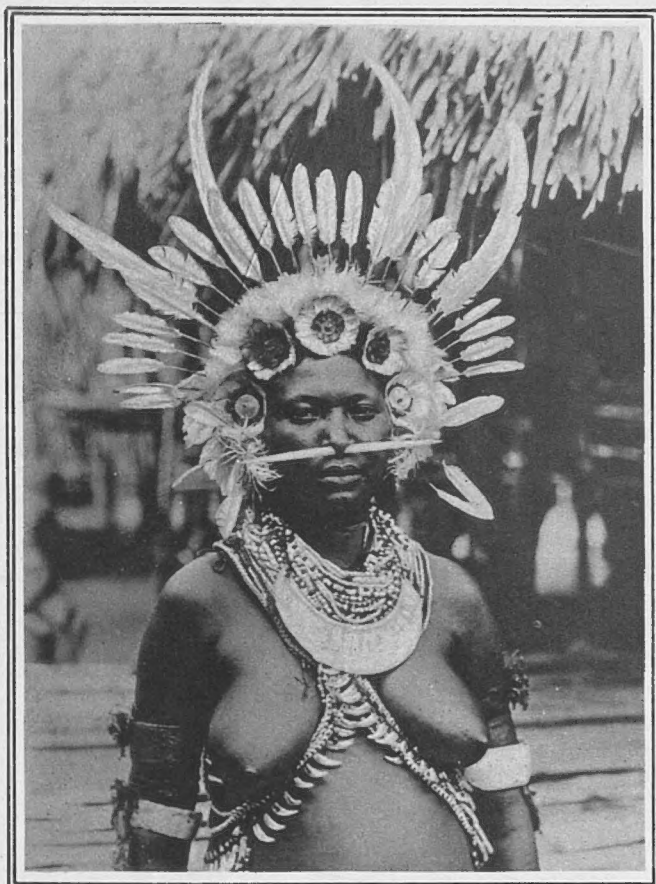
"Pearls and Savages," the wonderful film which began its run at the Polytechnic last week, is an amazing record by Captain Frank Hurley of his exploring venture by seaplane in unknown Papua. The "White Man Picture Sorcerer," as Captain Hurley was called by the natives, has brought strange aborigines to London on the



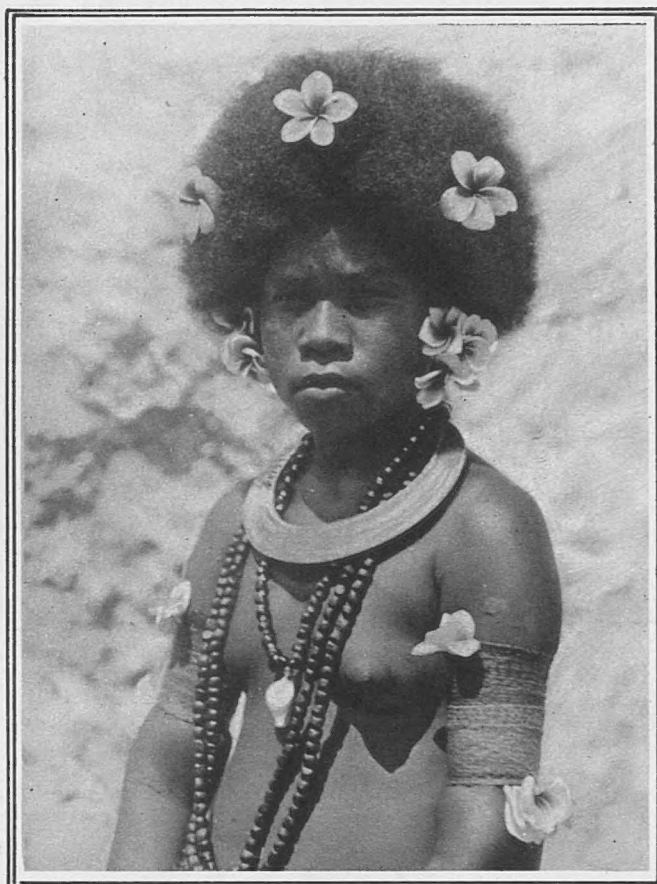
FULL SKIRTS ARE WORN IN BOGA-BOGA: TWO SISTERS IN THEIR GRASS PETTICOATS.

screen. The bark cloth, which is the only material the natives possess, is made from the beaten-out bark of the wild mulberry tree, which under the wooden mallets of the artisans attains extraordinary softness. Permanent "make-up" in the form of tattooing is a style, and full-skirted petticoats of grass are worn.

Married in Mother-o'-Pearl, Mourning in Pipe-Clay.



WITH BONE NOSE-ORNAMENT AS HER CEREMONIAL JEWEL:
A MUCH-FEATHERED SINGER OF THE MEKEO FESTIVAL.

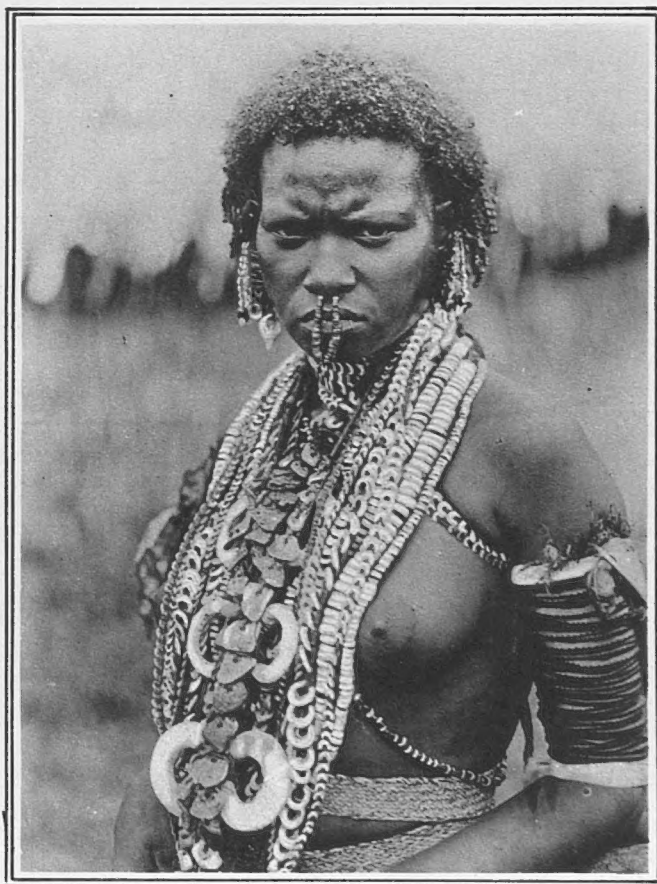


WEARING HER MUCH-PRIZED MOTHER-O'-PEARL NECKLET AND WITH
FRANGIPANNI FLOWERS IN HER HAIR: A HANAUABADA BEAUTY.



IN THE MOST FREQUENTLY WORN FASHION: A WIDOW
PIPE-CLAYED AND THEREFORE INVISIBLE!

Those who are interested in fashion will find much to enthrall them in the wonderful "Pearls and Savages" film at the Polytechnic. Imagine the savage charm of the singer from Mekeo, with her bright feathers and rich-coloured flowers of every gay hue. Her bone ornament for the nose is only worn on full-dress



WITH HER DOWRY OF SHELLS IN "READY" ROUND HER NECK:
A WEALTHY HEIRESS.

occasions, while the mother-o'-pearl necklet of the Hanauabada beauty is a much-prized adornment. The pipe-clayed widow who is painted white in order to be invisible to Evil Spirits must wear her strange weeds for over a year; but Papuan savages love mourning, and this "dress" is constantly seen.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.



WHATEVER one may think about the Emancipation of Woman and her entry into the political arena (and there are still some people who groan a little over it), there is no doubt that it has brightened politics, for with the classic clubs—once stern strongholds of masculine society—opening their doors to feminine enthusiasts on Election Night, a gala quality was introduced into the game of waiting to see which

result of their labours against Labour.

As for the dancing places and hotels, they were packed. Personally, I looked in at the Piccadilly Revels, and was amused by the fact that the political enthusiasts were, it seemed to me, just a little bored by the energy of the company of young dancers, who in their turn were apt to regard the excitement over the announcement of the results as an interruption to more congenial occupations. The Piccadilly Revels keep up their usual high standard, and, personally, I was very amused by the ventriloquist, M. Leo Bill, who made his own fist into an amusing little dummy to carry on conversations with.

Then, of course, there was the Selfridge party on Election Night, where crowds of well-known people assembled. These Election "at homes" of Mr. Selfridge have become a classic feature, and are splendidly done, with dancing, a display of skating, and bacon-and-eggs at 3 a.m. There was a most interesting collection of celebrities upstairs in the gaily decorated rooms leading out of the restaurant, where there were rows of gilt chairs, stacks of coloured chrysanthemums, and white-coated stewards, busy with name-boards, a little platform, and a man with a megaphone.

Mr. Winston Churchill, with

Stamfordham's daughter, Miss Margaret Bigge (strangely enough, this little coterie of "attached to the Royal Household" were all grouped together) Sir Vincent Caillard, and hundreds more. The heat was great, and those who were able to get out of the crush wandered to the long buffets, where ices were much in demand. Supper in the restaurant was a welcome diversion, too, and here I saw Lord Milford Haven with some friends and his wife, the latter looking very well in a quaintly patterned frock of pale orange on white, and many rows of pearls. Seated in a cool corner were Lord Portarlington, Mrs Dudley Ward, in a pretty frock of the new pale rose-pink georgette, and one or two others. The world of dramatists was represented by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Sir Arthur Pinero; and the stage was well to the fore. Among those diligently marking down the figures on the handy booklets supplied by the host—with pencils attached—were Mr. Jack Buchanan and Heather Thatcher, sitting together, the latter wearing her monocle with great success. Sir Gerald du Maurier was with his wife walking about, and so were Violet Vanbrugh, smart in gold lace, and her daughter; Lady Tree, with all sorts of things in her hair, and bearing a fan of dark red feathers; Miss Marie Tempest, in that shaded pink picture frock of which she is very fond; Mr. Graham Browne, and so on. Among the somewhat small number of Liberals present were Lord and Lady Swaythling, the latter in a lovely coat of cherry mirror velvet; Sir Arthur and Lady Crosfield; and Lord and Lady Southwark.



1. Angela and the Misses Dulle-Life have now thoroughly entered into the social round of Malta. One frequently sees them at the Bathing Club. They are duly regaled with the most terrifying accounts of octopi. Angela says she believes there is "no sich an animal."

party had come in—even in the most serious circles.

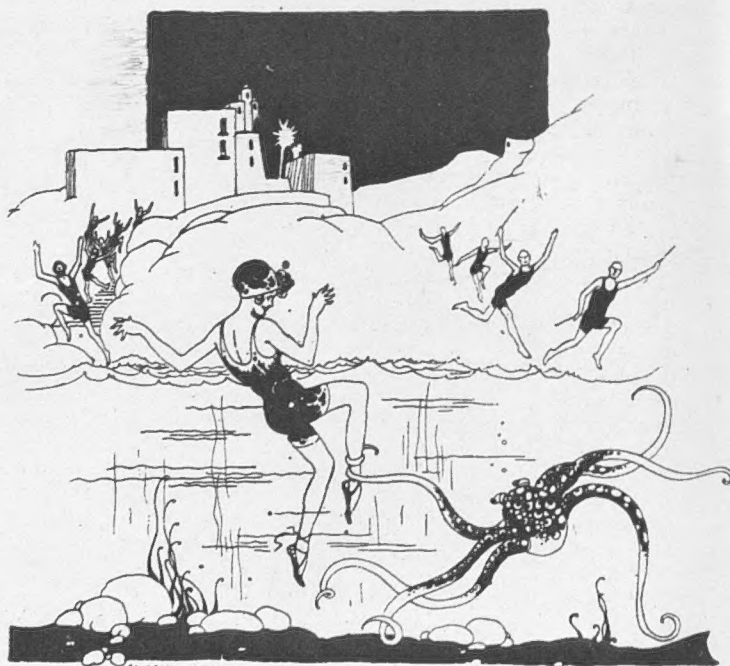
Half London went dancing in the early part of Wednesday evening, and then joined the company in one or another of the famous clubs; and there were many young girls in ball-gowns—obviously well under voting age—who took the keenest interest in the proceedings. At one stronghold of Conservative principles, the arrangements for seeing the results were extremely well done, as there were three effigies, each climbing up a ladder to Government against the others, each one representing the leader of one of our political parties. The Mr. Baldwin dummy was a spruce and rather attenuated portrait—minus the pipe, which, I hear, he actually *did* smoke while waiting to see how things were going; the effigy of Mr. Asquith was a very "unshingled" version of the leader of the Liberal party; and the doll representing Mr. Ramsay Macdonald showed him in a "redder" mood than he has been indulging in lately, with a flaming tie and rather wild eyes and hair.

By the way, I was interested to note that the "good" Labour wins were not greeted with such depressed groans and sighs as the Liberal victories, which seemed to upset good Conservatives quite a lot.

How hard some of the women had been working was easily seen on Election Night, and there were many tired-looking supporters of the Conservative party waiting to see the

his wife, and Lord and Lady Blandford, somehow found places in the front row, although they came late. Others sitting down were Lord Ancaster, with Lady Ancaster clad in coppery-pink lace and wearing her fine Cartier earrings of square-shaped sapphires and diamonds; Lady de Trafford, with a pink flower on her shoulder; Lord Erleigh, and Viscountess Curzon, pretty in her blue feather boa, who had been dining with the Hon. Mrs. Bethell, in black lace, in a party which included Lady Betty Butler and Mr. Michael Arlen—author of the much-discussed "Green Hat"—all of whom had gone on to Selfridge's.

Crowds unable to find seats were quite content to stand round and listen to the results. Among them were the Belgian Ambassador, who told me Baroness Moncheur is returning to London to-day; the Japanese Ambassador, tall Mr. Hansell, Lady Carisbrooke, Lord Howe with his step-daughter, Lady Doris Gunston and her husband, Lord



2. However, there is one, and he clutches Angela by the leg. Angela supposes it to be a demonstration of affection on the part of one of her new admirers, and continues to smile encouragingly—not perceiving all the other bathers hastily leaving the water and the celebrated corps of octopus-strafters rushing to her assistance.

And now to more general topics.

Brides of the moment are favouring the straight, dignified lines of *moyen-âge* styles for their wedding dresses, and Lady Hermione Herbert, who will become the Duchess della Grazia (what an enchanting name!) on Thursday next, is yet another of those who have selected this period for their bridal dress. She is wearing a wonderful gown of gold-and-silver brocade, and her maids are having frocks of Venetian blue and silver made in

Lady Cavan's little girl is one of the most important. The date and the church were not fixed when I last heard of the matter, but Lady Cavan was married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, and that church may be selected for the ceremony. Princess Mary has not stood sponsor to nearly so many infants as her brother the Prince of Wales, but she is to be godmother to her former Lady-in-Waiting's baby girl, who is to receive the names of Elizabeth Mary, the second name being after her royal godmother.

And, talking of our younger royalties, Princess Arthur of Connaught, who recently returned to Belgrave Square after visiting her mother, the Princess Royal, is seen going out a good deal in London. One evening last week, visitors to the Princes' Theatre were delighted to recognise her with Prince Arthur in the Royal Box, evidently enjoying Temple Thurston's play, "The Blue Peter." On the previous evening there was another Royal party at the same play, for I noticed Prince and Princess Nicholas of Greece in the stalls, with their daughter, Princess Elizabeth.

Prince and Princess Nicholas live in a house in Portland Place, where one of the features of the mansion is the music-room, where excellent music is often heard. Only last week there was a small family gathering there to hear Miss Mary Hamlin sing. Miss Hamlin is a vocalist of distinction, for she not only sings modern songs, but will be the leading artist at the Arne Society concert in December. Miss Hamlin often

He starts his programme with Bach-Rummel and Bach-Busoni; this is followed by the Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue of César Franck; then a Brahms Group, and he winds up with Schumann's "Carnaval." *Il y en a pour tous les goûts!* Among those who have already taken tickets are Lady Curzon (the Viscountess), Lady Gort, Admiral Sir Herbert and Lady Mabel King-Hall, Mrs. Donner, the wife of the Finnish Minister, Lady Ward (wife of Sir E. Ward), Lady Cable and Lady Edgcumbe.

Mr. Phillipowsky lives in Chelsea, where he shares Mr. Stuart Hill's beautiful studio in Glebe Place. Mr. Stuart Hill is the well-known artist, and painted Lady Gort quite recently. The picture has not yet been exhibited, but this, it is to be hoped, is a pleasure in store for those of us who have not been lucky enough to see the portrait.

And, talking of London and Londoners, although Rotten Row still preserves its reputation as the fashionable morning promenade ground, yet the Green Park has recently become quite a favourite with those who want to give their dogs a good run. Colonel Gretton is often to be found there with his beautiful Labrador retrievers; and a regular "exerciser" since the Court has come down from the North is Miss Bigge, Lord Stamfordham's daughter, who is devoted to her lively little Border Terrier, Joe. I met Lord Granard, too, the other morning, taking out his Labrador, but he had him in Bond Street on a lead, though before now he has often been in the Green Park with a very old little dog, a Sealyham, of which he takes great care. Lady Younghusband, the wife of the Governor of the Crown Jewels, sometimes comes all the way from the Tower of London in order to give her black Chow a run; and, in fact, if anyone wants to write a treatise on modern Society women and their pets (which would be an interesting subject, I fancy), he, or she, could find plenty of material by strolling about in the Green Park on some morning which happened to be sunny. MARIEGOLD.



3. Everyone flocks to see the slain octopus, but Angela feels terribly foolish. She flees home through the deserted streets covered with shame and her bathing-wrap.

the same style, although they are not strictly "period" gowns, as the edging of silver-grey Thibet goat fur provides a modern note in their design.

The Queen has sent Lady Hermione a jar of blue-and-gold porcelain as her wedding gift; and an interesting present comes from Sir John Lavery, as he has given the bride a portrait of herself in a cherry-coloured velvet dress and a sable stole. Although Lady Hermione's favourite colour is blue, and she will go away in a dress of powder-blue embroidered georgette worn under a beige coat trimmed with brown fur, her trousseau contains at least two black frocks, one being a chiffon velvet with a train held to one side by an ornament in jet and diamanté, and the other a restaurant frock in marocain embroidered in diamanté and with a deep fringe which gives quite a *bouffant* effect.

The bridegroom's three sisters, the Concessine Marie, Antoinette, and Elizabeth Lucchesi Palli, are among the eight bridesmaids; and Lady Hermione's only brother, Lord Clive, is the best man. The marriage is a romantic one, as Lady Hermione only met the Duke della Grazia in the spring of this year, when she went to Palermo with her father. The first part of the honeymoon will be spent at Powis Castle, and then the bride and groom go to Paris, after which they will proceed to the bridegroom's Venetian home, the Palazzo Vendramin, which is on the Grand Canal of "the world's premier honeymoon town," but eventually they will live at Palermo. The bridegroom's parents, the Prince and Princess di Campo-franco, came to town for the wedding, but only arrived just a day or two before the day.

Christenings as well as weddings have been claiming our attention of late, and that of

sings privately before royalty, and has already been heard by Princess Beatrice, the Infanta Beatrice of Spain, and also by Lady Howard de Walden, herself a fine musician, who, by the way, has just accepted a contract to sing on a music-hall stage professionally, but in order to hand the money she earns over to a favourite charity.

But, to return to Miss Hamlin, who is an expert on eighteenth-century music, she was originally to be a pianist, and discovered her voice when winning first prize at the North London Musical festival at the age of fifteen. She used to live in Devonshire, and it was Dr. Wood, the organist of Exeter Cathedral, who persuaded her to come to London to study singing.

The late autumn is not altogether a cheerful season in itself—chiefly owing to the weather, I expect; still, there are compensations for those of us who live in London, the opening of the concert season being undoubtedly one of them.

Last week we had all sorts of interesting recitals, that of Mr. Arthur Rubinstein being one of the most exciting. And next week (Monday, Nov. 10), Mr. Ivan Phillipowsky is having a recital at the Wigmore Hall; he is undoubtedly one of the most interesting of the younger pianists, and he plays better every time one hears him.



4. She thinks she must disappear for a little until this unhappy affair has blown over. So she removes the unwilling Misses Dulle-Life to a quiet inland resort for a little. They are meaning to travel by train, which they most unfortunately missed, but they are walking after the train (which came from the Isle of Wight at the time of Napoleon, they believe), and mean to overtake it at a station. Their heavy luggage in a fine cart goes with great swiftness, and has got well ahead.

A Crypt Wedding, and Field Dog Trials.



THE MARRIAGE OF THE SPEAKER'S DAUGHTER, MISS MARGARET WHITLEY, TO MR. BOWMAN: THE WEDDING GROUP AFTER THE CEREMONY.



THE UTILITY GUN-DOG SOCIETY'S SECOND FIELD-TRIAL MEETING: WAITING TO START FROM BAYDON MANOR.



AT THE FIELD TRIALS: MR. J. C. FORSTER, MAJ. FYFE JAMIESON, MR. W. W. WOOLLAND (PRESIDENT), AND MAJOR H. TWYFORD.



WITH MRS. WOOLLAND, THE HOSTESS: CAPTAIN J. T. KYFFIN, MR. AND MRS. J. P. STONE.

The marriage of Miss Margaret Phyllis Whitley, elder daughter of the Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mrs. Whitley, to Mr. J. H. Bowman, of Halifax, was celebrated in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons last week. The bride was



WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS AT BAYDON MANOR: MISS WOOLLAND, MRS. J. C. FORSTER, AND MRS. F. C. GIDDINGS.

given away by her father, and attended by her sister, Miss Virginia Whitley.—The Wilts and Berks Branch of the Utility Gun-Dog Society held their field trials last week, over the estate of the President, Mr. W. W. Woolland, at Baydon Manor, Ramsbury.

Photographs by S. and G., and Lafayette.

Wife of the Member for Grantham.



FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY RAWSON: LADY WARRENDER.

Lady Warrender is the wife of Sir Victor Warrender, M.C., eighth Baronet, the Conservative Member for Grantham. Sir Victor was elected Member for the Grantham Division last year, and returned again at this election, after a three-cornered fight. He was born in 1899, and is the elder son of the late Vice-Admiral Sir George Warrender, and of Lady Maud Warrender. He has already had

considerable political experience, as he was private secretary to Sir Robert Horne, when Secretary to the Board of Trade and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Sir Victor married Miss Dorothy Rawson, daughter of the late Colonel Richard Hamilton Rawson, in 1920, and has two sons. He and Lady Warrender are one of the most popular of the young married couples in Society.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MALCOLM ARBUTHNOT, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

The Wife of a New M.P. and Her Dandies.



A PROUD MOTHER: DARENTH JEZABELLE AND HER PUPPIES.



DARENTH JESSAMY PLEADS.



EXERCISING SOME OF HER TERRIERS: THE HON. MRS. ANGUS McDONNELL, WIFE OF THE NEW MEMBER FOR DARTFORD.



THREE GENERATIONS OF CANINE ARISTOCRATS: DARENTH JESSAMY, DARENTH JEZABELLE, AND DARENTH DAVID.



WITH HER PRIZE-WINNING PUPPIES BY CH. MOAL HILL TINKER: DARENTH JESSAMY.



WINNERS AT LEICESTER: PUPPIES BY CH. FRIERN DANDY—DARENTH JEZABELLE.

These delightful photographs of the Hon. Mrs. Angus McDonnell were taken at the Clock House, Darenth, Kent, where Mrs. McDonnell breeds her famous Dandy Dinmonts. The terriers shown in our photographs are very famous dogs, and Darenth Jessamy's litter of puppies by Ch. Moal Hill Tinker took a first prize at Richmond, while Darenth Jezabelle's

family by Ch. Friern Dandy won a first prize at Leicester. The Hon. Mrs. McDonnell is the wife of Colonel the Hon. Angus McDonnell, C.B., C.M.G., brother of the Earl of Antrim, and the new Conservative member for Dartford. She is the daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the well-known dramatist, and was married in 1913.

Photographs by P.I.C.

The Latest Woman Owner and Some of Her Horses.



EXERCISING HER HORSES ON WINDSOR RACECOURSE: MISS IRIS FORD,
WITH MISS BRUMMER AND MR. SHILLWELLS.



BETWEEN RADIUM AND THE MEXICAN HORSE, NECKTIE:
MISS IRIS FORD.



THE LATEST WOMAN TO REGISTER HER RACING COLOURS: MISS IRIS FORD
(R.) ON CLAYTON, AND MISS SHEILA BRUMMER ON NECKTIE



WITH MR. SHILLWELLS' RADIUM:
MISS IRIS FORD.



RACEHORSE OWNER AND COMPETITOR IN THE RODEO AT WEMBLEY:
MISS IRIS FORD (R.) AND MISS SHEILA BRUMMER.

Miss Iris Ford is the latest woman owner to register her racing colours, and everyone wishes her the best of luck. She has always been very interested in everything to do with horses, and has a good record behind her, as during the war she did work in the King's racing stable at Newmarket, and has scored successes at Olympia, Richmond, and smaller shows, as well as making a sporting attempt to ride a broncho in the

Rodeo contest at Wembley. Miss Ford is not, however, the youngest woman racehorse owner, as has been stated, as this distinction belongs to Miss Nancy Paull, who though only now twenty-three, has owned horses for the last five or six years. Necktie, the Mexican horse shown in our photograph, was ridden 2000 miles to New York, and then shipped to England to take part in the Rodeo, so it is a much-travelled animal.

Photographs by Alferi.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

Told by the Prince.

Someone who was a fellow-passenger with the Prince of Wales, now back in England with us, told me how talk one day turned to the last words of famous people—phrases which in some instances have become part of literature. The Prince took part in the conversation, and showed considerable knowledge of the subject. At the end, with a characteristic smile, he brought humour and gaiety into the theme. "My last words," he said, "will, I expect, be 'Come on, Steve!' or something like that." The Prince has promised to pay a further visit to the United States, probably in 1926. It is understood that he will then make a tour of some of the industrial districts which he has not yet visited.

Fainting Women at Receptions.

I suppose that on the eve of the opening of the new Parliament we shall again have the political receptions. The first Labour reception at the Hyde Park Hotel was a memorable affair—a pleasant one, too. The tremendous buzz of conversation showed how interested Labour people are in one another.

For my own part, the thing I shall remember most was the number of fainting women. Not that the hotel rooms were crowded to suffocation—one might add also that the refreshments were of the lightest character. But the cloak-room, in particular, was not large, and there came a time when everyone seemed to be leaving at once. That was why there was a crush. That was why at least half-a-dozen women had to be carried out. Some of them were laid on the steps of the hotel in full view of the crowd that had gathered in Knightsbridge.

At Londonderry House.

If the Conservative reception should again be at Londonderry House it will be the third reception of its kind in just under three years. Such receptions must mean a great deal of expense to the host and hostess; but there is this about it. Now that Stafford House and Devonshire House have gone, no great house in London is so well suited for such full-dress occasions as Londonderry House. There is the magnificent staircase, the superb sculpture, the spacious picture gallery, used as a ball-room—a magnificent setting for the glowing spectacle of rank and splendour, beauty and colour, gold lace, the ribbons of diplomacy, flashing decorations and jewellery.

It takes a woman of genius in organising

ability to plan and marshal political routs on this grand scale. And indeed on these great occasions Lady Londonderry's rôle is that of a minor queen.

But then, Lady Londonderry is fitted by her upbringing and by her physical attributes for playing such a part. The gods have been gracious to her; she combines not only beauty and dignity, but tact and a queenly kindness. She is one of those women who seem to be able to get the best out of everyone who serve them, no matter in what capacity. She is a daughter of that splendid sportsman and old-time man of affairs, the late Lord Chaplin; and that, perhaps, explains a good deal.

Londonderry House is famous for its family portraits. One of the most interesting is one of the most modern works. It is a portrait by Laszlo of the present Lord Londonderry in uniform. It is dated Aug. 19, 1914. It was painted by Laszlo for Lady Londonderry in three hours just before Lord Londonderry left for the front. It used to hang in Lady

the table, offered Mr. Lloyd George four pennies, and asked for ninepence in return. Mr. George fell back upon a provision of the Bill, and said, "To get the ninepence, you will have to be brought to Downing Street in an ambulance."

As he spoke he put the fourpence into his pocket. "And," added Lord Londonderry, "I have never seen since my fourpence, much less the ninepence."

"So like him," murmured Lord Londonderry after a further pause.

The "H.B." Club.

The "H.B." Club have again had one of their banquets on the eve of a big race—the Cambridgeshire was the race this time—and of course there was the usual auction sweepstake. The "pool" at the end of the bidding amounted to over £1300, and there will be a first prize of £930.

Every visitor who goes to these "H.B." Club dinners asks what the letters "H.B." stand for, but their meaning appears to be as

secret as Masonic ritual. The actual membership does not number twenty; but at each dinner there are always from 100 to 120 guests, and that accounts for the large size of the "pool" when tickets at £1 apiece have been purchased, and the bids—sometimes up to as much as £200 for a horse—have been made. The system, of course, is that half of the amount at which a horse is knocked down goes into the "pool," and the other half to the lucky individual who drew the horse.

The guiding spirit of the club is Mr. Tom Honey, over seventy years of age now, for many years Mr. Solly Joel's right-hand man at Austin Friars. "Uncle Tom" is the permanent president, and among his chief supporters are that other hearty veteran, Mr. Fred Bishop, who is approaching eighty, but hates to go to bed before 3 a.m.; Sir Walter de Frece, Mr. Harry Preston, and Mr. W. A. Barron, of coaching fame.

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the Earl of Halsbury, and Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen were the chief guests at the Cambridgeshire dinner. Sir Arthur Griffith Boscawen, talking about the General Election, made one very human admission. "We know that he had an almost unparalleled succession of defeats at by-elections when the housing question was like a millstone round his neck. He says he is content now to remain out of politics, after being in Parliament for thirty years. "It is only now," he said, "that I realise that during thirty of the best years of my life I was never out of London in those delightful months—June, July, and August."

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THE FARMER (to enthusiastic motorist): Yes, I get more gallons of milk from that old cow than all the others put together.

THE MOTORIST (absent-mindedly): Indeed? How many miles does she do to the gallon?

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.

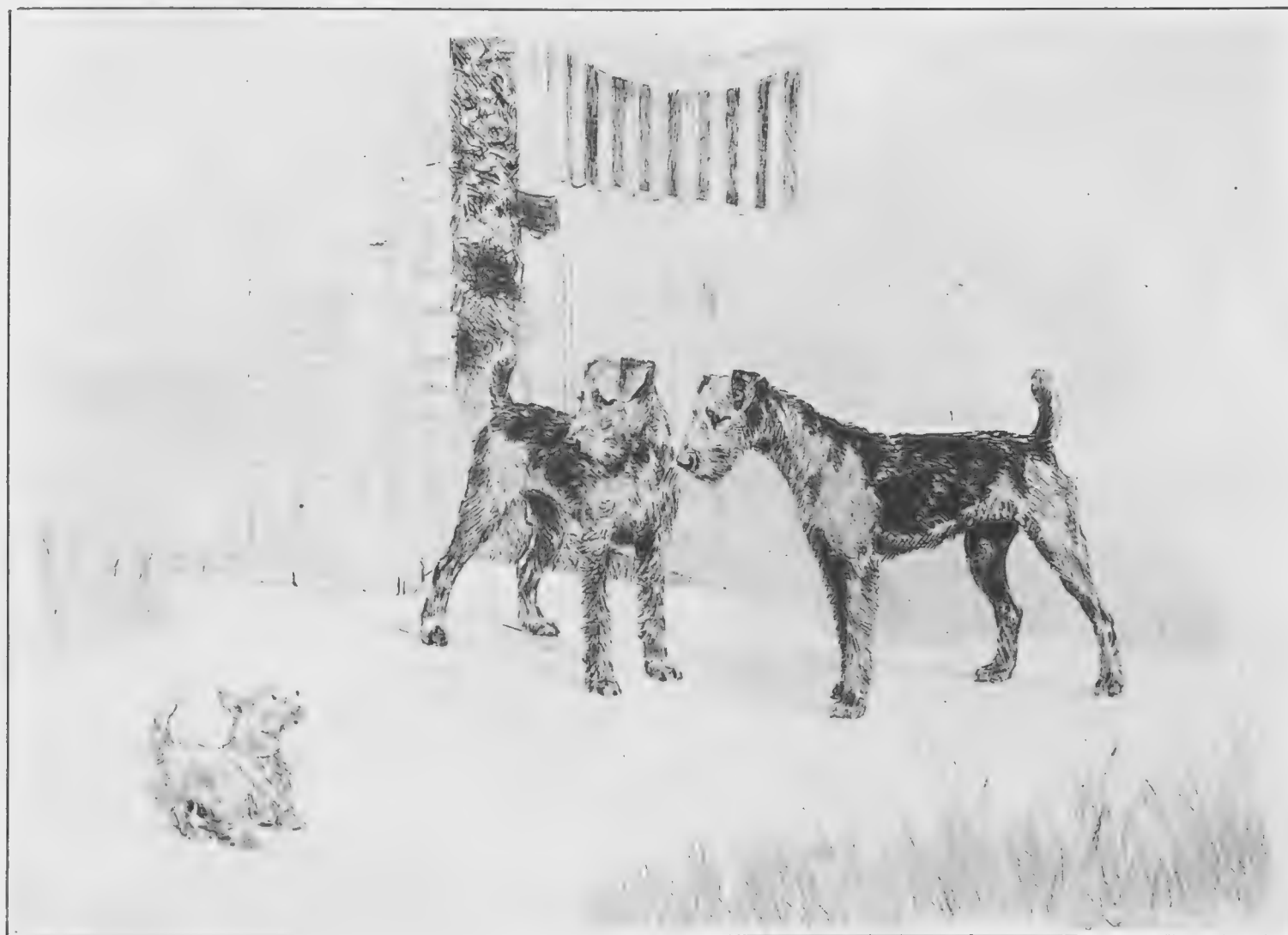
Londonderry's work-room, although, perhaps, by now it has been promoted to the picture gallery.

Mr. Lloyd George and the Fourpence.

Lord Londonderry's heir, Lord Castlereagh, seems to take naturally to politics, and is pretty certain to cut a figure. He has just gone to our Embassy in Rome to be a special Attaché; his present job is to equip himself for the public career he has mapped out for himself.

There is a story of Lord Londonderry and Mr. Lloyd George and his Insurance Bill that always reminds me that Lord Londonderry, once he has made up his mind, rarely gives ground. It was at the time of the celebrated "ninepence for fourpence" slogan. Lord Londonderry and Mr. Lloyd George were opponents, but knew each other well enough to joke with each other. Lord Londonderry—he was Lord Castlereagh then—leaned across

Kirmse Dog Etchings: Third Series. No. III.



FROM THE ETCHING BY MARGUERITE KIRMSE.

THE STRANGER WITHIN THE GATE.

MY word, you made us jump! Of all the sauce—!
 Where do you come from? Oh, I know—of course
 You're the new dog at Number Two. But why—
 Why did they choose a thing like you? My eye!
 Their last one *was*—a dog; but—look at you!
 (They always seem quite decent people, too.)
 Still, though you cannot help your looks, young chap,
 There isn't any need to stand and yap
 And interrupt two gentlemen. I say—
 Who asked you to drop in on us to-day?
 You ought to know the thing to do, my pup,
 Was—stay at home until we looked you up.
 So just clear off, skedaddle, hop it, run,
 And *p'r'aps* we'll come and call on you, my son.

He's gone, thank goodness. Let's stroll down the mews
 And see if Rover's heard the awful news.

JOE WALKER.

The Best Acting of the Month: A New Feature.

READERS of *The Sketch* do not need to be reminded that this paper devotes a large number of its pages to the theatre and that it has always been its policy to encourage the drama in all its phases.

It may safely be said, indeed, that many actors and actresses struggling to gain the favour of the public have owed their recognition in noteworthy degree to the publicity given to their merits in the first illustrated weekly to give considerable space to the Stage.

For that reason it is not necessary for us to excuse the new feature introduced in this issue.

It has been decided that *The Sketch* shall publish every month a full-page portrait of the actor or actress who, in the opinion of the four judges appointed for the purpose, has given the best individual performance during the month in question.

It has been thought expedient not to choose the judges from the dramatic critics only. It is obvious that they, with their long experience, are best able to name the performance that reaches the highest level from a technical point of view; but is the technical point of view always appreciated by the ordinary playgoer? It is certain that, while the critic is the best guide to the qualities of a play, and perhaps also the best judge of the acting, he may not look upon either from the point of view of the Man in the Street. What may move the emotional side of the ordinary man may strike a false note in the critical mind. The highly trained expert sees flaws in detail where the ordinary lover of the drama sees only the beauty of the general effect.

We have thought it wise, therefore, to combine both faculties in the judging of our monthly appreciation, and consequently have asked two well-known critics to join with two ardent playgoers in giving the verdicts.

The four judges will be Mr. J. T. Grein, Mr. Ashley Dukes, Mrs. Bruce Ingram, and Miss Lily Grundy.

Mr. Grein is so well known to our readers that his name will be acceptable at once. His "Criticism in Cameo" have long been one of the most widely read of our weekly features. As a critic, no one has had more experience, and no one's opinion of the play of the moment is more highly appreciated.

Mr. Ashley Dukes, though of a younger generation, is equally esteemed as a sound critic. His opinions, as expressed



"THE SKETCH" TOKEN OF APPRECIATION: THE SILVER BELL PRESENTED TO MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL FOR THE BEST ACTING DURING OCTOBER, 1924.

in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, are illuminating in the highest degree.

NORMAN MCKINNEL.

A CAMEO: By J. T. GREIN.

ADOUR Scot is Norman McKinnel in aspect, but within is the heart of a child. I shall never forget my first approach. At the table sat an austere figure as if moulded in steel. His features were immobile; a pair of cold yet brilliant eyes stared at me—stared stonily, piercingly, scrutinising. Now that I come to think of it, if this first meeting had been yesterday instead of years ago, I should have said: He is the twin of Mussolini; he conveys will and power; he is dominating. Then I said something that appealed to his sense of humour; the eyes softened, became laughing, and in his smile shone such kindness as conquers men and women. Soon I fathomed his remarkable personality; a combination of vigour, dignity, mental alertness, and, a few layers below the surface, intense feeling.

He was always somebody. "The moment he entered there was a hush in the house; one felt his: "Here I am" and "I am I." He commanded respect, he roused expectations, but in earlier days they were not always realised. The personality was more potent than the power within. Thus his King Lear was monumental without being tragic. Thus, not so long ago, in "The Love Thief," he was a great figure without being a great lover. But he always shone in parts that are of intense characterisation. In his stupendous record there are creations such as Galsworthy's "Strife" of ineffaceable memories. His gallery of middle-aged and aged portraits conjures up visions of Rembrandtian power, and in his latest portrayal of the towering yet tottering ship-owner in Galsworthy's "Old English," he has given us a masterpiece of thought, composition, and perfection of detail.

Still young and in the fullness of imaginative flexibility, he, in his own aspirations, has yet to achieve more. His is the mission, by birthright and dower, to give the stage the Macbeth of this era. Saying which is to assign to him a captaincy among the actors who are making the history of the modern drama of England.

The remaining two judges, Mrs. Bruce Ingram and Miss Lily Grundy, are typical of the discerning playgoer, without prejudices and without bias as to type of play or style of acting. They have been kind enough to give their services and to act in conjunction with Mr. Grein and Mr. Ashley Dukes.

All four have decided that every performance shall be judged solely on its individual merit, no preference being given to the actor who is already well established in the hearts of his or her audience. The newcomer has an equal chance with the "old hand."

It has been thought advisable to restrict the judging to the Metropolis. Though there is no doubt that in the theatres of the bigger cities and towns of the "Provinces" there is acting of the highest order, especially in the repertory theatres, it is obviously impossible to go so far afield. The duties of Mr. Grein and Mr. Ashley Dukes keep them mostly in London, where there is more than enough to occupy their time; and, in any case, it would be futile to seek to cover the whole ground. Therefore, though we should prefer not to make any such restriction, it must be understood that when we say that we recognise any individual performance as the "best bit of acting of the month," we imply that it is the best that London can provide.

In addition to the page portrait specially taken for *The Sketch*, we shall give to the actor or actress who has been picked out by the judges a small token of appreciation in the form of the little silver table-bell illustrated on this page.

It must be remembered that our judges are only human and can only give expression to their personal opinions. They do not profess to be infallible, and if our readers do not agree with them, they must recall that, much as we should like to do so, we cannot consult them all.

We have great pleasure in announcing that the first recipient of our token of appreciation is Mr. Norman McKinnel—who has been called, and not without good reason, the Lucien Guitry of the British stage—for his really magnificent performance in Mr. John Galsworthy's play, "Old English." The verdict of the judges was unanimous, and we rejoice that we are able to show in some small way our admiration of one who has stood throughout his career for all that is finest in British acting.

The Best Acting of the Month: Our First Award.



JUDGED TO HAVE GIVEN THE BEST PERFORMANCE DURING OCTOBER 1924: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS SYLVANUS HEYTHORP IN "OLD ENGLISH," AT THE HAYMARKET.

"Sketch" readers will see on our opposite page an explanation of our latest feature—an award for the best piece of individual acting of each month; and we are sure that everyone will agree with the judges who have selected Mr. Norman McKinnel's presentation of Sylvanus Heythorp in the new Galsworthy

piece at the Haymarket as the performance on which our first award is conferred. Mr. Norman McKinnel gives remarkable character to the tremendous figure of the business giant whose last days are pictured on the stage, and who deserves the epitaph: "Wasn't he the grand old sinner?"

PHOTOGRAPH BY C. POLLARD CROWTHER, F.R.P.S., SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

Their Great Day: A Sextet of Brides and Their Grooms.



SMILING AS THEY LEAVE THE CHURCH: SOME NEWLY WED PAIRS.

The bride of Mr. Thomas Theodore Barnard, M.C., Ph.D., is the only daughter of the Hon. Anthony Schomberg Byng.—Lieutenant R. H. Combe, late R.N., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Combe. His bride, Miss Grizel Hay, is the daughter of the late Mr. R. B. Hay, and of Mrs. Hay, and grand-daughter of the late Sir Robert Hay, of Haystoun.—Mr. Donald F. W. Baden-Powell is the son of the late Sir George and Lady Baden-Powell. His bride is the daughter of

Mr. James Berwick Duncan.—Mr. Eric Murray Mackay is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Aeneas Mackay. His bride is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Williamson.—Mr. Cecil Foster is the son of Mr. Robert Foster, and the late Hon. Mrs. Foster. Miss Joan Easey, his bride, is the adopted daughter of Mr. W. H. Lees.—Mr. Charles P. de Paravicini is the son of the late Mr. P. de Paravicini, and of Lady Marcia de Paravicini.

A Family Study.



WITH ESTELLE ELAINE: LADY BERNEY.

Lady Berney is the wife of Sir Thomas Berney, M.C., tenth Baronet, of Parkehall, Norfolk. She is the daughter of Mr. R. Norton Dawson, of The Grange, Pakefield, Lowestoft, was married in 1921, and has a baby girl, Estelle Elaine Berney, who was born in 1922. The family seat is Barton Bendish Hall, Downham Market, Norfolk, and the family,

who are of Norse origin, were seated at Berney, near Walsingham, Norfolk, at the time of the Norman Conquest. It is further claimed for the Berneys that they are one of the three families in England who were settled here before the Conquest, have never wanted an heir, and have never been in trade. The Baronetcy dates from 1620.

Portrait Study by Bertram Park, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



TOMMY AND TUPPENCE.

A DETECTIVE SERIES BY AGATHA CHRISTIE.

Author of "The Man in the Brown Suit," "The Man Who Was Number Four," "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," "The Secret Adversary," etc.

No. VII.—THE HOUSE OF LURKING DEATH.

"WHAT—" began Tuppence, and then stopped.

She had just entered the private office of Mr. Blunt from the adjoining one marked "Clerks," and was surprised to behold her lord and master with his eye riveted to the private peep-hole into the outer office.

"Ssh!" said Tommy warningly. "Didn't you hear the buzzer? It's a girl, rather a nice girl—in fact, she looks to me a frightfully nice girl. Albert is telling her all that tosh about my being engaged with Scotland Yard."

"Let me see," demanded Tuppence.

Somewhat unwillingly, Tommy moved aside. Tuppence in her turn glued her eye to the peep-hole.

"She's not bad," admitted Tuppence. "And her clothes are simply the latest shout."

"She's perfectly lovely," said Tommy. "She's like those girls Mason writes about—you know, frightfully sympathetic, and beautiful, and distinctly intelligent without being too saucy. I think—yes, I certainly think—I shall be the great Hanaud this morning."

"Hm," said Tuppence. "If there is one detective out of all the others whom you are most unlike, I should say it was Hanaud. Can you do the lightning changes of personality? Can you be the great comedian, the little gutter-boy, the serious and sympathetic friend—all in five minutes?"

"I know this," said Tommy, rapping sharply on the desk: "I am the Captain of the Ship—and don't you forget it, Tuppence. I'm going to have her in."

He pressed the buzzer on his desk. Albert appeared, ushering in the client.

The girl stopped in the doorway as though undecided. Tommy came forward.

"Come in, Mademoiselle," he said kindly, "and seat yourself here."

Tuppence choked audibly, and Tommy turned upon her with a swift change of manner. His tone was menacing.

"You spoke, Miss Robinson? Ah, no; I thought not."

He turned back to the girl. "We will not be serious or formal," he said. "You will just tell me all about it, and then we will discuss the best way to help you."

"You are very kind," said the girl. "Excuse me, but are you a foreigner?"

A fresh choke from Tuppence. Tommy glared in her direction out of the corner of his eye.

"Not exactly," he said with difficulty. "But of late years I have worked a good deal abroad. My methods are the methods of the Sûreté."

"Oh!" The girl seemed impressed.

She was, as Tommy had indicated, a very charming girl. Young and slim, with a trace of golden hair peeping out from under her little brown felt hat, and big, serious grey eyes.

That she was nervous could be plainly seen. Her little hands were twisting themselves together, and she kept claspings and unclasping the catch of her lacquer-red handbag.

"First of all, Mr. Blunt, I must tell you that my name is Lois Hargreaves. I live in a great, rambling, old-fashioned house called Thurnly Grange. It is in the heart of the country. There is the village of Thurnly near by, but it is very small and insignificant. There is plenty of hunting in winter, and we get tennis in summer, and I have never felt

lonely there. Indeed, I much prefer country to town life.

"I tell you this so that you may realise that in a country village like ours everything that happens is of supreme importance. About a week ago, I got a box of chocolates sent through the post. There was nothing inside to indicate whom they came from. Now I myself am not particularly fond of chocolates, but the others in the house are, and the box was passed round. As a result, everyone who had eaten any chocolates was taken ill. We sent for the doctor, and after various inquiries as to what other things had been eaten he took the remains of the box away with him and had them analysed. Mr. Blunt, those chocolates contained arsenic! Not enough to kill anyone, but enough to make anyone quite ill."

"Extraordinary!" commented Tommy.

"Dr. Burrel was very excited over the matter. It seems that this was the third occurrence of the kind in the neighbourhood. In each case a big house was selected, and the inmates were taken ill after eating the mysterious chocolates. It looked as though some local person of weak intellect was playing a particularly fiendish practical joke."

"Quite so, Miss Hargreaves."

"Dr. Burrel put it down to Socialist agitation—rather absurdly, I thought. But there are one or two malcontents in Thurnly village, and it seemed possible that they might have had something to do with it. Dr. Burrel was very keen that I should put the whole thing in the hands of the police."

"A very natural suggestion," said Tommy. "But you have not done so, I gather, Miss Hargreaves?"

"No," admitted the girl. "I hate the fuss and the publicity that would ensue—and, you see, I know our local Inspector. I can never imagine him finding out anything. I have often seen your advertisements, and I told Dr. Burrel that it would be much better to call in a private detective."

"I see."

"You say a great deal about discretion in your advertisement. I take that to mean—that—that—well, that you would not make anything public without my consent?"

Tommy looked at her curiously, but it was Tuppence who spoke.

"I think," she said quietly, "that it would be as well if Miss Hargreaves told us everything."

She laid especial stress upon the last word, and Lois Hargreaves flushed nervously.

"Yes," said Tommy quickly. "Miss Robinson is right. You must tell us everything."

"You will not—" She hesitated.

"Everything you say is understood to be strictly in confidence."

"Thank you. I know that I ought to have been quite frank with you. I have a reason for not going to the police. Mr. Blunt, that box of chocolates was sent by someone in our house."

"How do you know that, Mademoiselle?"

"It's very simple. I've got a habit of drawing a certain little silly thing—three fish intertwined—whenever I have a pencil in my hand. A parcel of silk stockings arrived from a certain shop in London not long ago. We were at the breakfast table. I'd just been marking something in the newspaper, and without thinking, I began to draw my silly little fish on the label of the parcel before cutting the string and

opening it. I thought no more about the matter; but when I was examining the piece of brown paper in which the chocolates had been sent, I caught sight of the corner of the original label—most of which had been torn off. My silly little drawing was on it."

Tommy drew his chair forward.

"That is very serious. It creates, as you say, a very strong presumption that the sender of the chocolates is a member of your household. But you will forgive me if I say that I still do not see why that fact should render you indisposed to call in the police."

Lois Hargreaves looked him squarely in the face.

"I will tell you, Mr. Blunt. I may want the whole thing hushed up."

Tommy retired gracefully from the position.

"In that case," he murmured, "we know where we are. I see, Miss Hargreaves, that you are not disposed to tell me who it is you suspect."

"I suspect no one; but there are possibilities."

"Quite so. Now, will you describe the household to me in detail?"

"The servants, with the exception of the parlourmaid, are all old ones who have been with us many years. I must explain to you, Mr. Blunt, that I was brought up by my aunt, Lady Radclyffe, who was extremely wealthy. Her husband made a big fortune, and was knighted. It was he who bought Thurnly Grange, but he died two years after going there, and it was then that Lady Radclyffe sent for me to come and make my home with her. I was her only living relation. The other inmate of the house was Dennis Radclyffe, her husband's nephew. I have always called him cousin, but, of course, he is really nothing of the kind. Aunt Lucy always said openly that she intended to leave her money, with the exception of a small provision for me, to Dennis. It was Radclyffe money, she said, and ought to go to a Radclyffe. However, when Dennis was twenty-two, she quarrelled violently with him—over some debts that he had run up, I think. When she died, a year later, I was astonished to find that she had made a will leaving all her money to me. It was, I know, a great blow to Dennis, and I felt very badly about it. I would have given him the money if he would have taken it; but it seems that that kind of thing can't be done. However, as soon as I was twenty-one, I made a will leaving it all to him. That's the least I can do. So if I'm run over by a motor, Dennis will come into his own."

"Exactly," said Tommy. "And when were you twenty-one, if I may ask the question?"

"Just three weeks ago."

"Ah!" said Tommy. "Now, who was in the house when the chocolates came?"

"Servants—or—others?"

"Both."

"The servants, as I say, have been with us some time. There is old Mrs. Holloway, the cook, and her niece, Rose, the kitchen-maid. Then there are two elderly house-maids, and Hannah, who was my aunt's maid, and who has always been devoted to me. The parlourmaid is called Esther Quant, and seems a very nice, quiet girl. As for ourselves, there is Miss Logane, who was Aunt Lucy's companion, and who runs the house for me; and Captain Radclyffe—Dennis, you know, whom I told you about; and there

[Continued on Page 297.]

This Week's Studdy.



BONZO AND TONY SING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM:

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY

Rzewuski on English Society: I.



THE THIRD DAUGHTER OF THE HON. LADY MEUX: THE HON. MRS. HUMPHREY DE TRAFFORD.

The lovely daughters of the late Viscount Chelsea and of the Hon. Lady Meux are among the best-known Society beauties of the day, and make specially charming "subjects" for the art of Count Rzewuski, the Polish nobleman-artist whose work has been having such a

tremendous vogue in Paris. Mrs. de Trafford is the third of the lovely "Cadogan Girls," and married Sir Humphrey de Trafford's eldest son in 1917. She has two little girls—Ann, born in 1918; and Mary, who is two years younger.

FROM THE DRY-POINT PORTRAIT BY RZEWUSKI.

Rzewuski on English Society: II.



THE FOURTH DAUGHTER OF THE HON. LADY MEUX: THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.

Lady Blandford is the wife of the Marquess of Blandford, elder son of the Duke of Marlborough and of Mme. Balsan, formerly Duchess of Marlborough, and is the fourth daughter of the late Viscount Chelsea and of the Hon. Lady Meux. Her marriage to Lord Blandford took place in 1920, and she has two little daughters, the elder of whom,

Lady Sarah Churchill, was born in 1921, and the younger last year. Lady Blandford, like all her sisters, is a keen sportswoman, and Rzewuski has chosen to picture her holding a favourite spaniel in her arms. Count Rzewuski has recently made drawings of many well-known Englishwomen, and we shall reproduce these from time to time.

FROM THE DRY-POINT PORTRAIT BY RZEWUSKI.

MODERN LIFE IN SILHOUETTE



"This Life is but a moving shadow show, in

DRAWN BY

QUETTE.—BY "PIERROT."



in which we phantom figures come and go."

—OMAR KHAYYAM

"PIERROT."

A Pretty Plague: Don Jerome's Daughter.



A "MIDNIGHT FOLLY" IN "THE DUENNA": MISS ELSA MACFARLANE AS DONNA LOUISA.

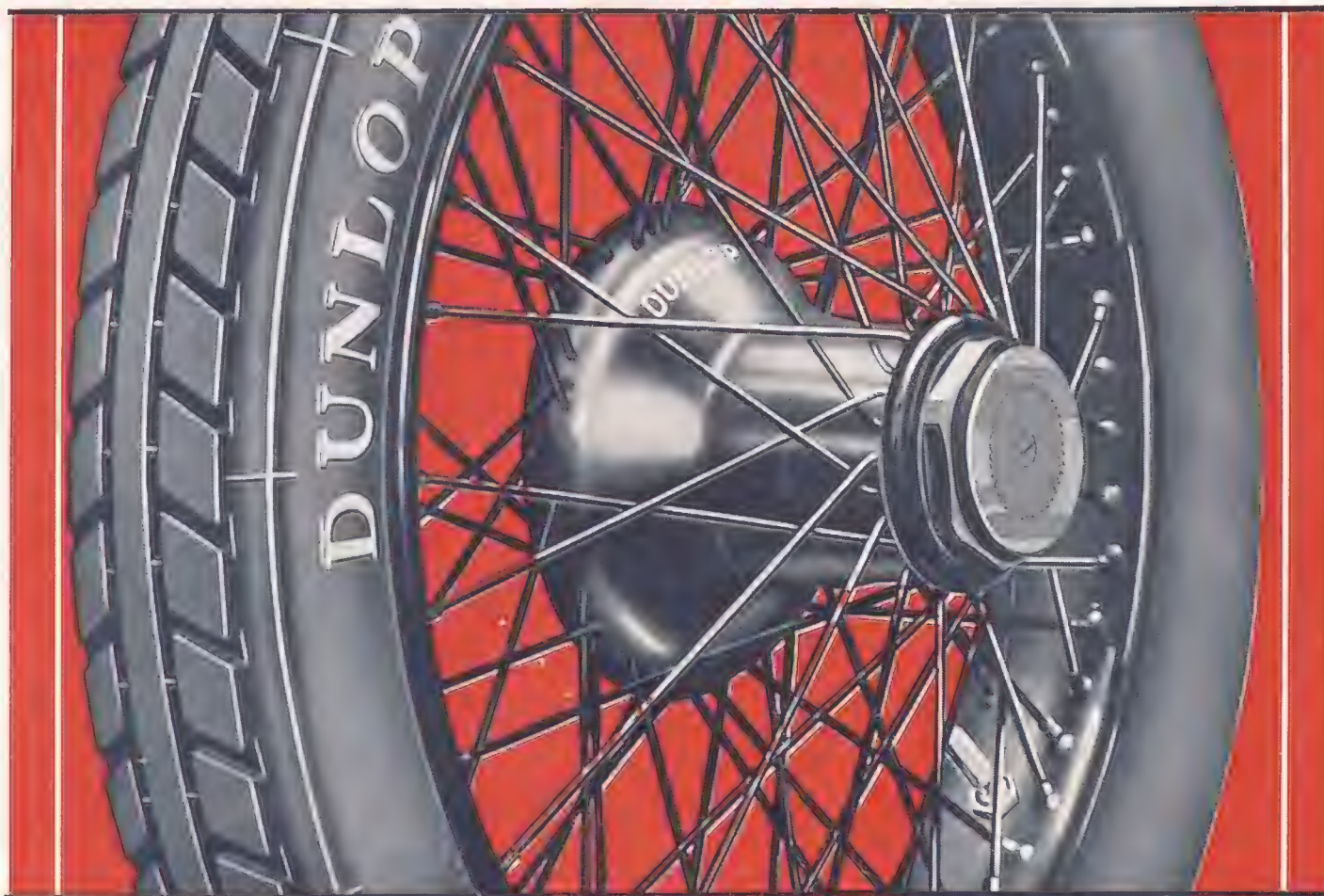
Miss Elsa Macfarlane, formerly a "Co-optimist," is the charming Donna Louisa of "The Duenna" as presented at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith—the pretty plague of whom Don Jerome sings: "If a daughter you have, she's the plague of your life;

No peace shall you know, though you've buried your wife! At twenty she mocks at the duty you taught her—oh, what a plague is an obstinate daughter!" Miss Elsa Macfarlane is also appearing at the Hotel Metropole Midnight Follies.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



BE *SURE* YOUR TYRES *ARE* BRITISH



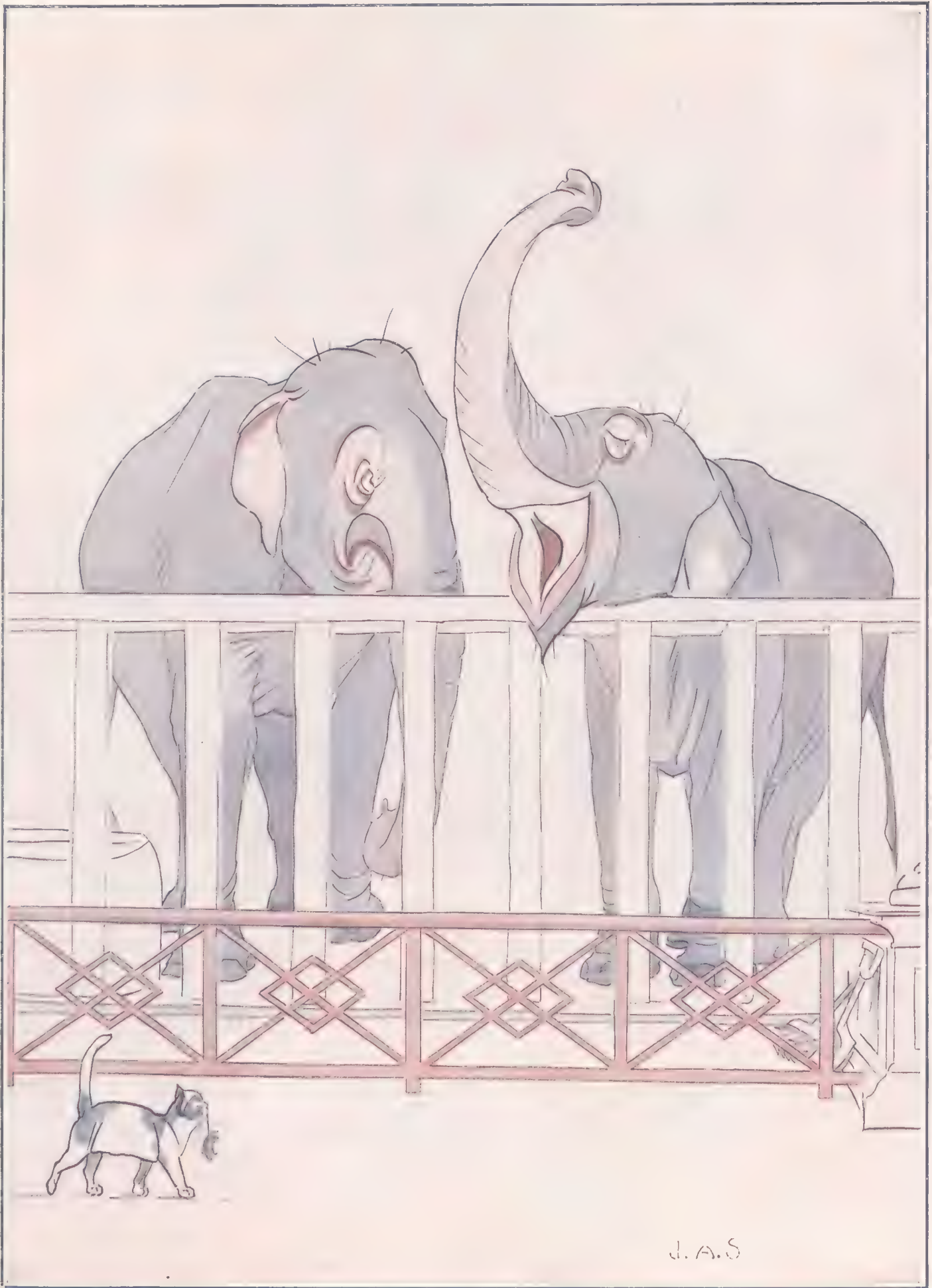
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The Elephant Asks for It.



FORCE OF HABIT.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

(Continued.)

is a girl called Mary Chilcott, an old school friend of mine who is staying with us."

Tommy thought for a moment.

"That all seems fairly clear and straightforward, Miss Hargreaves," he said, after a minute or two. "I take it that you have no special reason for attaching suspicion more to one person than another? You are only afraid it might prove to be—not a servant, shall we say?"

"That is it exactly, Mr. Blunt. I have honestly no idea who used that piece of brown paper. The handwriting was printed."

"There seems only one thing to be done," said Tommy. "I must be on the spot. I suggest that you prepare the way for the arrival of—say, Mr. and Miss Van Dusen—American friends of yours. Will you be able to do that quite naturally?"

"Oh, yes. There will be no difficulty at all. When will you come down—to-morrow, or the day after?"

"To-morrow, if you please. There is no time to waste."

"That is settled, then."

The girl rose, and held out her hand.

"One thing, Miss Hargreaves: not a word, mind, to anyone—anyone at all—that we are not what we seem."

"What do you think of it, Tuppence?" he asked, when he returned from showing the visitor out.

"I don't like it," said Tuppence decidedly. "Especially, I don't like the chocolates having so little arsenic in them."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you see? All those chocolates being sent round the neighbourhood was a blind. To establish the idea of a local maniac. Then, when the girl was really poisoned, it would be thought to be the same thing. You see, but for a stroke of luck, no one would ever have guessed that the chocolates were actually sent by someone in the house itself."

"That was a stroke of luck. You're right. You think it's a deliberate plot against the girl herself?"

"I'm afraid so. I remember reading about old Lady Radclyffe's will. That girl has come into a terrific lot of money."

"Yes; and she came of age and made a will three weeks ago. It looks bad—for Dennis Radclyffe. He gains by her death."

Tuppence nodded.

"The worst of it is—that she thinks so too. That's why she won't have the police called in. Already she suspects him. And she must be more than half in love with him to act as she has done."

"In that case," said Tommy thoughtfully, "why the devil doesn't he marry her? Much simpler and safer."

Tuppence stared at him.

"You've said a mouthful," she observed. "Oh, boy! I'm getting ready to be Miss Van Dusen, you observe."

"Why rush to crime, when there is a lawful means near at hand?"

Tuppence reflected for a minute or two.

"I've got it," she announced. "Clearly he must have married a barmaid whilst at Oxford. Origin of the quarrel with his aunt. That explains everything."

"Then why not send poisoned sweets to the barmaid?" suggested Tommy. "Much more practical. I wish you wouldn't jump to these wild conclusions, Tuppence."

"They're deductions," said Tuppence, with a good deal of dignity. "This is your first *corrida*, my friend; but when you have been twenty minutes in the arena—"

Tommy flung the office cushion at her.

"Tuppence; I say, Tuppence, come here."

It was breakfast time the next morning. Tuppence hurried out of her bed-room and into the dining-room. Tommy was striding up and down, the open newspaper in his hand.

"What's the matter?"

Tommy wheeled round and shoved the paper into her hand, pointing to the headlines.

"MYSTERIOUS POISONING CASE. DEATHS FROM FIG SANDWICHES."

Tuppence read on. This mysterious outbreak of ptomaine poisoning had occurred at Thurnly Grange. The deaths so far reported were those of Miss Lois Hargreaves, the owner of the house, and the parlourmaid, Esther Quant. A Captain Radclyffe and a Miss Logane were reported to be still seriously ill. The cause of the outbreak was supposed to be some fig-paste used in sandwiches, since another lady, a Miss Chilcott, who had not partaken of these, was reported to be quite well.

"We must get down there at once," said Tommy. "That girl! That perfectly ripping girl! Why the devil didn't I go straight down there with her yesterday?"

"If you had," said Tuppence, "you'd probably have eaten fig sandwiches too for tea, and then you'd have been dead. Come on, let's start at once. I see it says that Dennis Radclyffe is seriously ill also."

"Probably shamming, the dirty black-guard!"

They arrived at the small village of Thurnly about midday. An elderly woman with red eyes opened the door to them when they arrived at Thurnly Grange.

"Look here," said Tommy quickly before she could speak. "I'm not a reporter or anything like that. Miss Hargreaves came to see me yesterday and asked me to come down here. Is there anyone I can see?"

"Dr. Burrel's here now if you'd like to speak to him," said the woman doubtfully. "Or Miss Chilcott. She's making all the arrangements."

But Tommy had caught at the first suggestion.

"Dr. Burrel," he said authoritatively. "I should like to see him at once if he is here."

The woman showed them into a small morning-room. Five minutes later the door opened, and a tall, elderly man, with bent shoulders and a kind but worried face, came in.

"Dr. Burrel?" said Tommy. He produced his professional card. "Miss Hargreaves called on me yesterday with reference to those poisoned chocolates. I came down to investigate the matter at her request—alas! too late."

The doctor looked at him keenly.

"You are Mr. Blunt himself?"

"Yes. This is my assistant, Miss Robinson."

The doctor bowed to Tuppence.

"Under the circumstances, there is no need for reticence. But for the episode of the chocolates, I might have believed these deaths to be the result of severe ptomaine poisoning—but ptomaine poisoning of an unusually virulent kind. There is gastrointestinal inflammation and hemorrhage. As it is, I am taking the fig paste to be analysed."

"You suspect arsenic poisoning?"

"No. The poison, if a poison has been employed, is something far more potent and swift in its action. It looks more like some powerful vegetable toxin."

"I see. I should like to ask you, Dr. Burrel, whether you are thoroughly convinced that Captain Radclyffe is suffering from the same form of poisoning?"

The doctor looked at him.

"Captain Radclyffe is not suffering from any sort of poisoning now."

"Aha!" said Tommy. "I——"

"Captain Radclyffe died at five o'clock this morning."

Tommy was utterly taken aback. The doctor prepared to depart.

"And the other victim—Miss Logane?" said Tuppence.

"I have every reason to hope that she will recover since she has survived so far. Being an older woman, she seems to have suffered less from the effects of the poison. I will let you know the result of the analysis, Mr. Blunt. In the meantime, Miss Chilcott will, I am sure, tell you anything you want to know."

As he spoke, the door opened and a girl appeared. She was tall, with a tanned face and steady blue eyes.

Dr. Burrel performed the necessary introductions.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Blunt," said Mary Chilcott. "This affair seems too terrible. Is there anything you want to know that I can tell you?"

"Where did the fig paste come from?"

"It is a special kind that comes from London. We often have it. No one suspected that this particular pot differed from any of the others. Personally, I dislike the flavour of figs. That explains my immunity. I cannot understand how Dennis was affected, since he was out for tea. He must have picked up a sandwich when he came home, I suppose."

Tommy felt Tuppence's hand press his arm ever so slightly.

"What time did he come in?" he asked.

"I don't really know. I could find out."

"Thank you, Miss Chilcott. It doesn't matter. You have no objection, I hope, to my questioning the servants?"

"Please do anything you like, Mr. Blunt. I am nearly distraught. Tell me—you don't think there has been—foul play?"

Her eyes were very anxious as she put the question.

"I don't know what to think. We shall soon know."

"Yes, I suppose Dr. Burrel will have the paste analysed."

Quickly excusing herself, she went out by the window to speak to one of the gardeners.

"You take the housemaids, Tuppence," said Tommy, "and I'll find my way to the kitchen. I say, Miss Chilcott may feel very distraught, but she doesn't look it."

Tuppence nodded assent, without replying.

Husband and wife met half-an-hour later.

"Now to pool results," said Tommy. "The sandwiches came out from tea, and the parlourmaid ate one—that's how she got it in the neck. Cook is positive Dennis Radclyffe hadn't returned when tea was cleared away. Query—how did he get poisoned?"

"He came in at a quarter to seven," said Tuppence. "Housemaid saw him from one of the windows. He had a cocktail before dinner—in the library. She was just clearing away the glass now, and luckily I got it from her before she washed it. It was after that that he complained of feeling ill."

"Good," said Tommy. "I'll take that glass along to Burrel presently. Anything else?"

"I'd like you to see Hannah, the maid. She's—she's queer."

"How do you mean—queer?"

"She looks to me as though she were going off her head."

"Let me see her."

Tuppence led the way upstairs. Hannah had a small sitting-room of her own. The maid sat upright on a high chair. On her knees was an open Bible. She did not look towards the two strangers as they entered. Instead, she continued to read aloud to herself.

"Let hot burning coals fall upon them, let them be cast into the fire and into the pit, that they never rise up again."

"May I speak to you a minute?" asked Tommy.

Hannah made an impatient gesture with her hand.

"This is no time. The time is running short, I say. I will follow upon mine enemies and overtake them, neither will I turn again till I have destroyed them. So

(Continued on Page 300.)

Plays of the Moment: No. XLVIII.



THE GRANDFATHER THINKS THAT HIS GRANDSON IS HIS SON: GENERAL SIR JOHN HERIOT (FRED KERR) AND ROBIN (ROBERT ANDREWS).



WANDA HERIOT LEARNS THAT SHE HAS LOST HER DIVORCE CASE
MISS JOSEPHINE VICTOR AS THE MOTHER.



THE RECOGNITION OF HERIOT BLOOD BY THE GRANDFATHER:
GENERAL SIR JOHN HERIOT (FRED KERR), CHARLES CHERITON



MOTHER, SON, FATHER, AND LAWYER: WANDA
CHARLES CHERITON

"The Pelican," the new play at the Ambassadors', by F. Tennyson Jesse and her husband, H. M. Harwood, is a drama of maternal sacrifice. The play opens in 1919. Marcus Heriot has brought a petition for divorce against his wife, and wins it, thus making Robin illegitimate. Seventeen years later Robin wants to enter Sandhurst, and cannot do so because of his baton sinister. He, however, meets Sir John Heriot, who, with his old mind wandering into the past, mistakes Robin for his son, Marcus, not knowing him to be his grandson. This convinces Marcus

"The Pelican," at the Ambassadors'.



MARCUS HERIOT (HERBERT MARSHALL), BEADON (STAFFORD HILLIARD), (CHARLES CHERRY), AND ROBIN (ROBERT ANDREWS).



(JOSEPHINE VICTOR), ROBIN (ROBERT ANDREWS), AND (CHARLES CHERRY).



THE MOTHER AND THE LOVER SHE GIVES UP FOR HER SON'S SAKE: WANDA (JOSEPHINE VICTOR) AND PAUL LAUZUN (NICHOLAS HANNEN).



THE GREAT SACRIFICE OF THE MOTHER FOR HER SON: WANDA (JOSEPHINE VICTOR) FOREGOES HER CHANCE OF HAPPINESS WITH PAUL.

that the boy is his son, and he offers to put right a great injustice by re-marrying Wanda—the only way by which he can legitimise Robin. Wanda, in the meantime, has fallen in love with Paul Lauzun, and she is faced with the choice of giving up her own happiness and her love in order that her son may succeed to the family title. The decision is a hard one, but, like the Pelican, which wounds itself to provide for its young, she decides to re-marry Marcus, and the play ends with her refusal to answer Paul when he rings her up on the telephone.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE DUENNA," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

A REGULAR feast of joy: three hours of lovely music; three hours of wit and satire as fresh to-day as over a century ago; three hours of song and acting as merry as England can make it; three hours of regalement to the eye—costumes exquisite in the very sense of the word; scenery, cameos of Spanish visions: of Seville, cloisters, gardens, streets, interiors deftly drawn by an imaginative hand. Rarely has an audience greeted an old work almost in oblivion with such joyful frenzy; never was there a modern musical comedy so artistic and so daintily written and performed. What wit can do with a simple story!—nothing more than the substitution of an ugly duenna for a sweet girl of seventeen, in love with a young swain and destined by her martinet of a father to give her hand to a rich Hebrew, a lineal ancestor of Mr. Potash. Sheridan conducted this tale with great knowledge of the theatre—he draws laughter at every move. every character has a touch of its own, the dialogue is full of mockery with a pleasant under-current of romance; and when there is song it is not merely dragged in, but it befits the situation like the proverbial cap. And so we laughed all the time; but the culmination was when the Duenna, now successfully betrothed to the Jew, lured him in, a *pas de séduction* with a grand finale of the temptress imitating the toreador and besetting her suitor as if he were the bull. Then the audience was as uproarious as a "Zoo" unchained. We laughed to exhaustion.

When all is so well done it is difficult to distribute laurels in fairness. The Duenna of Miss Elsie French was immense; the old father of Mr. Nigel Playfair was monumental; the Jew of Mr. Frank Cochrane colossal—a pocket edition of the Five Books of Moses in humorous paraphrase; the lady singers—Misses Elsa Macfarlane and Isobel McLaren—sang sweetly; the men—Messrs. Denys Erlam, Michael Cole, and Guy Lefevre—sang bravely; the Monk of Mr. Scott Russell was all unction and bibulous gaiety; the Spanish dancers conjured up dreams of Seville to rhyme with mantilla! The whole thing was a picture without a flaw. I shall have to recur to it—a year hence!

J. T. G.

II.

THE "OLD VIC" REOPENS WITH "OTHELLO."

IT was a glorious sight; thousands had struggled to get in, and many stood in the galleries in hope of a glimpse. Beaming, Miss Bayliss received ovations in the entrance-hall, and later on the stage, and we were all glad to welcome her back. Within, the house looked rejuvenated, gayer in colour; and the new stage-lighting apparatus, though not always quite obedient—the workmen had only left that afternoon—worked wonders of effects.

From the first there was a tight grip. One felt the strong hand of Robert Atkins, the producer, despite the fact that building had interfered with rehearsing. The play of "Othello" sets in with force, and Brabantio (John Macfarlane) as well as Cassio (Neil Porter) struck the right note of *panache*. Then came Othello (Ion Swinley), a powerful man, strong, rugged, rich in diction. He lacked, perhaps, the romantic note which to me rendered Matheson Lang's the English Othello of the period. But Swinley's

creation was concrete, arresting, inspired by strength rather than by Eastern fervour. He rose to heights in the great scene with Iago. The men formed a striking contrast—tense was the conflict between virility and demoniacal cunning. For George Hayes's Iago was a human devil—a Mephisto so distinguished in manner, so finely diplomatic, so insinuatingly treacherous that one saw, as it were, the subtle poison squirting from his lips. In the modern gallery of Shakespearean impersonations this Iago will have a niche of his own. The Desdemona of Marie Ney was sweet to behold, and sweetness itself in her maidenly delivery. But oh, how she missed the meaning of some lines, and in her nervousness reminded us too often of a little modern girl in love and in trouble. At first, Miss

'cuteness—began to amuse me, and so did the actor. Under all this palaver and braggadocio, fired at us in volleys of vertiginous rapidity, there was a rich vein of satire, and a grain of truth as well as sentiment. I learned to admire the author for turning out the simplest, most archaic dialogue, and yet entertaining and holding us by its inner meaning; and the actor for his naturalness, his bonhomie, his ever-readiness.

To attempt the description of such a play—ay, to attempt criticism—is futile; it is one of those things that must be heard to appreciate its humour and its mirth. You may call it damn nonsense, but laugh you must, just as you cannot help laughing, for no particular and definable reason, when George Robey says "Cease," or George Graves commits a most atrocious pun while gagging.

The actors are all new to us, but we soon become familiar with them. Miss Clara Blandish was a delightful old-world American mammy, warm of heart, pert of tongue; and Miss Myrtle Tannehill endeared herself by her simple pathos. Distinctly a play to be seen; amusement guaranteed.—J. T. G.

IV.

"THE WARE CASE," AT WYNDHAM'S.

"THE WARE CASE" revived looked like a case of old hardware. I don't say this to make a pun, nor would I blame the author. Plays and people are apt to age. What impressed us yesterday may depress us to-day. Methods change, and the old formula on which this play is worked, and of which we had much good to say in the past, shows wear and tear. Even the trial scene, however realistically staged, has lost its spell. It fizzles out, and on introspection one discovers its ineffectiveness and, in a cardinal point, its absurdity. Surely the signet ring found in a lake, coupled with the evidence that Ware had bought a duplicate after the murder, would have prompted any judge to sum up against the prisoner, and the jury to give a verdict of "Guilty." We may have overlooked it twelve years ago; now it stood out as plain as a pike-staff, and rendered the last act of confession an excrescence.

I wonder what moved Sir Gerald du Maurier to resume the part of Ware. In the main it is a walk-over and contains but one scene that matters. He played the confession with great intensity; his distraction, his anguish, his sudden determination to destroy himself, his poignant death scene, swift as lightning, were capitally rendered. But on the whole the character is not worthy of his power. Miss Marie Löhr, after a long absence, did not realise one's hope

raised by her Aiglon. Her diction was extraordinary; she seemed to haul her words from aloft or delve for them from *de profundis*. The part did not seem to move her, nor did she move us. One had the impression of a lady in comfortable circumstances slightly perturbed. Yet here was a question of life and death.

The smallest parts were remarkable for the aptness of their interpretation. Mr. Wilfred Fletcher's was a fine study of the namby-pamby youth who was murdered for his heritage; Mr. George Elton as the old betting man was a pathetic, real figure; Mr. Eric Stanley's speech for the defence was an oratorical achievement; Miss Doris Lytton was a charming *ingénue* with a true ring. But, on the whole, the play was never exciting, and the Saturday audience around me was but lukewarm in appreciation.—J. T. G.



UNDERSTUDYING MISS JOSEPHINE VICTOR IN "THE PELICAN": MISS ZILLAH CARTER.

Miss Zillah Carter is the beautiful young actress who is understudying Miss Josephine Victor as Wanda Heriot, in "The Pelican," at the Ambassadors'. She has been painted by Nevinson, and when the picture was exhibited in Venice last summer, it was purchased by the King of Italy.

Camera Portrait by Hugh Cecil.

Olivia Burleigh's Emilia was colourless, but in the bed-room scene she grasped the great chance and stood out magnificently.

J. T. G.

III.

"THE SHOW-OFF," AT THE QUEEN'S.

MR. GEORGE KELLY, of U.S.A., is a clever dramatist; and Mr. Raymond Walburn, same origin, is a remarkable comedian. At first I said to myself, as the dialogue ambled and sped over trivialities, "This is drivel"; and, as Mr. Walburn's pickaninny laugh, heralded from behind the scene, went on and on, "This actor irritates me."

But, strange to say, very soon the play—story of a gas-bag who lets off hot air in ceaseless stream, and in the end flares up in an illuminating ray of financial



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In London: Gay Parysis of Gay Paree.



MAKING HER FIRST APPEARANCE FOLLIES THIS WEEK:

Mlle. Parysis is one of the most popular revue stars of the French capital, and her first appearance in London has roused great interest. She arranged



IN TOWN AT THE MIDNIGHT MLLE. PARYSIS.

to make her début before an English audience on Monday last, Nov. 3, at the Midnight Follies, of the Hotel Metropole.

Films of the Moment: No. XXVII. "Moon of Israel."



PRINCE SETI (ADELQUI MILLAR) ON HIS GOLDEN COUCH: THE SCENE IN THE PALACE OF PHARAOH IN TANIS.



AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS AFTER HER WEDDING: MISS ARLETTE MARSHALL AS USERTI.



THE CHARIOTS OF EGYPT: A WONDERFUL PICTURE PAGEANT.



THE VISION OF THE PRINCE: SETI SEES IN A DREAM THE DANGER OF THE MOON OF ISRAEL (MISS MARIA CORDA).



PHARAOH'S HEIR PARTS FROM HIS WIFE: PRINCE SETI SETS FORTH TO THE LAND OF GOSHEN.

The latest Stoll production, which is now running at the London Pavilion, is "Moon of Israel," and is a romantic and spectacular drama of ancient Egypt, based on Rider Haggard's well-known novel. The film was made in Vienna and in Egypt by the Sascha Company, working in conjunction with Stoll Picture Productions, Ltd.,

and the titling was done by Sir Rider Haggard himself, the result being a screen story which can stand comparison with the most famous American productions. The romantic love-story of Pharaoh's heir and the elaborate representation of ancient Egyptian pomp and luxury make "Moon of Israel" an arresting picture.

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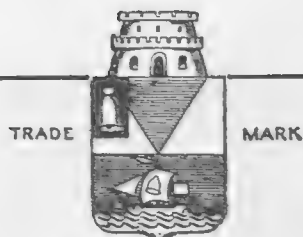


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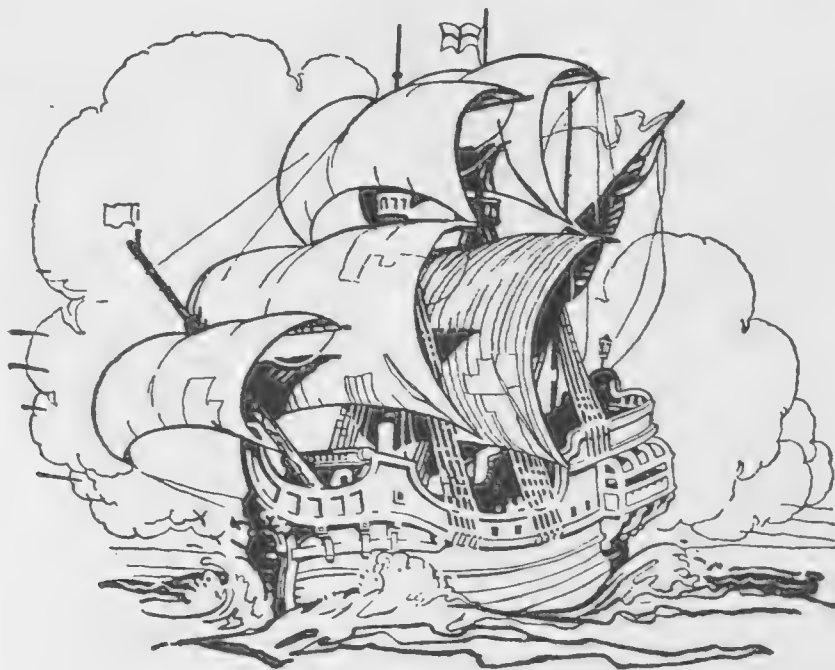
"ODDFELLOWS ARMS," Caldbeck:—
The scene of many meets of the veteran
hunter, John Peel, who died at a ripe
old age in 1854. In a room in this plain
little inn was written the famous hunting
song 'D'ye ken John Peel' which has
immortalized the old fox-hunter and his
hounds.

Johnnie Walker: "People still sing 'D'ye ken John Peel with
his coat so grey'."

Shade of
John Peel: "Aye! but they don't sing about you, they
shout for you."



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The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

John Masefield. I have always been interested in Mr. Masefield since a certain afternoon at the Court Theatre some eighteen years ago. On that afternoon Mr. J. E. Vedrenne and Mr. Granville Barker produced a play by Mr. John Masefield called "The Campden Wonder."

The little theatre was packed with all the reading lights of the English stage. Most of the men had long hair, and most of the women short. They were all, as you might say,



THE WELL-KNOWN NOVELIST, WHOSE "ELAINE AT THE GATES" HAS JUST APPEARED: MR. W. B. MAXWELL.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell, the author of "Vivien," "The Guarded Flame," and many successful novels, has just published a new book, "Elaine at the Gates," which is among the novels which "everyone is reading." He is, of course, a son of Miss M. E. Braddon (Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Maxwell), who was herself so successful a novelist.

Photograph by E. Brooke Hughes.

before their time, but Mr. Masefield was even earlier than that. When the curtain fell on his play, this highly cultivated audience of highbrows was so shocked at the tragedy and horror of the little Gloucestershire story that they could not bring themselves to cry "Bravo!" or, as the saying goes in the profession, "put their hands together." They simply collected their gear, and stole silently down the long flight of steps to the railway station.

Personally, I liked the play very much, and here is what I said about it in my capacity as a dramatic critic—

"In 'The Campden Wonder' Mr. John Masefield has merely retold, with amazing truth and a simplicity that is the perfection of art, an old Gloucestershire story of peasant crime. In the year 1660, a mother and her two sons were hanged for the murder of one Harrison. Hardly were the bodies cold when it was discovered that Harrison was alive and well, the story of the murder having been invented by one of the sons, who, a drunkard and wastrel, had been driven crazy through jealousy of his brother. A thin little tale

enough, but Mr. Masefield has set it out with a wealth of detail that must bring home to the duller person the awful horror of the tragedy."

"Sard Harker."

I discover from "Sard Harker," Mr. Masefield's new novel, which I have just finished reading, that he has by no means lost his taste for horrors. "Sapper" and his comrades will have to look to their own. There are more horrors in this book than were ever dreamt of in their philosophy, and once again these things are set out with the skill and power of a great literary artist.

Yet one concession I find. "The Campden Wonder" ended, as I have reminded you, in horror. To the last the miserable degenerate who had put a rope round the necks of his own mother and his own brother refused to speak the word that would save their lives. We saw them pleading with him in the condemned cell—a heartrending scene. All in vain. They were pleading for their lives with a madman. It would have been easy to hang the elder son first, and then bring the father back in the nick of time to save his wife and favourite son. But that was not the story. The story had to be told according to history, or legend, and if the highbrow audience was shocked to silence, that could not be helped.

"Sard Harker," to my utter amazement, has a happy ending—a regular, conventional, last-moment happy ending! Up to almost the last page you are convinced, knowing your Masefield, that the hero is about to die the most terrible death conceivable by a bloodthirsty maniac, and that the girl who is in love with the hero, after being forced to witness these tortures, will suffer an even worse fate.

Not at all. In the nick of time—

"There came a crash both behind and in front of Sard; there was a deafening bang; someone fell over the brazier, which upset. All the stinking and smouldering carib leaf rolled from its metal pot. The room at the instant filled with men: they were all in green and silver. Sagrado whirled about to face them: one of them with a rifle beat the sword out of his hand: it broke below the hilt and fell in two pieces. After the crash there came a silence so great that the double tinkle and clatter of the broken sword was memorable. The ball of carib leaf broke open, smoking violently: wisps of gun-powder smoke drifted past. Sard could not imagine what had happened: all that he saw was so tight and red: but one of the Indians was lying on the floor, hardly moving. The men in green and silver were covering the rest with their rifles."

Santa Barbara. That ending is really a literary curiosity. To know of its existence will not in the least destroy your pleasure in the book, and for two reasons. The first is that you will read the story with all the more pleasure since you know that you are to be spared the ultimate horror. The second is that you will not read this novel so much for the story as for the telling of the story. You will bear in mind that it is written by a poet, and you will come across many passages that only a poet could have written. Mr. Masefield himself may look on it as a pot-boiler; I don't know about that, or whether he requires sticks to make his pot boil. In any case, he could not keep poetry out of it, especially since he chose to lay the scene in and about Santa Barbara.

Not the Santa Barbara that I fell in love with on the Pacific coast. There are several Santa Barbaras, and this is the Santa Barbara in the department of Honduras, bounded on the north by the Caribbean Sea.

"Santa Barbara," writes Mr. Masefield, setting out his scene, "lies far to leeward, with a coast facing to the north and east. It is the richest of the sugar countries. Plantations cover all the lowland along its seven hundred miles of seaboard, then above the lowland is foothill, covered with forest, rising to the Sierras of the Three Kings, which make the country's frontier."

"The city of Santa Barbara lies at the angle of the coast in the bight of a bay. The Old Town covers the southern, the New Town the northern horn of the bay: in between are the docks and quays."

And then we proceed to learn about "the houses of the last sighs."

The Love Story.

Yes, there is a love story in this novel; and, what is more, we get early to the heroine, which, I believe, is supposed to be one of the rules if you want success. Not that we meet her in the flesh—not for a long time. She is a dream-girl, but real enough, for all that, to Sard.

"Here, with one blanket between himself and the deck, one blanket over him, and a coil of boat's falls for a pillow, he went to bed that night as usual, thinking the thoughts



A BRILLIANT SHORT-STORY WRITER: MR. STACY AUMONIER, WHOSE LATEST VOLUME, "OVERHEAD," APPEARS THIS MONTH.

Mr. Stacy Aumonier is one of the most brilliant short-story writers of the day. A new volume of his tales will be published by Heinemann shortly, under the title of "Overhead," and a short story from his pen will be one of the many attractive features of "The Sketch" Christmas Number. Mr. Stacy Aumonier is the author of "The Love a Duck," "Miss Bracegirdle and Others," etc.

Photograph by Mauld and Fox.

which meant much to him. These thoughts were not about the house, but about a girl, whose idea filled his inner life intensely.

"He had thought his thoughts of this girl, as he always did, when putting the day

(Continued overleaf.)

Continued.]

from him, and had then turned over, to sleep as usual. He saw the stars overhead, through a maze of the main-rigging; he heard the water go crooning and gurgling by, and a man in the deckhouse beneath him knock out his pipe; then instantly he was asleep, in a sea-sleep, a depth of sleep, a million miles from the world.

"Out of his sleep he started up, an hour before dawn, with that mansion by the sea

"These are English proverbs," the corporal said, "and do not concern me. Show me at least the colour of your money, or no message will go."

"There is another proverb," Sard said, "which says, 'Grudging greed gets not.'"

"Adios," the corporal said; "grudging greed will get no food nor drink; no message to any engineer; nor blanket at night, if blanket be needed." He slipped the shutter across the grating and moved across the yard, back into the barton, leaving Sard alone.

Masefield and Conrad.

I have seen no reviews of this novel as yet, but I feel pretty certain, since it smacks of the sea and adventures in strange places, that comparisons will be made with the work of Conrad.

To my mind this would be a pity. There is really nothing in common between Masefield and Conrad. Masefield is a poet; Conrad was a realist. Take that line, "He heard the water go crooning and gurgling by." Conrad never talked about water "crooning and gurgling." Water never crooned or gurgled for that old sailor. It was a terrible element, to be respected, held always at bay, fought when it tried to kill. There was nothing pretty and fanciful about the sea for old man Conrad.

I wish Mr. Masefield would write a story all about the sea—the deep sea and gallant ships and the men who ride therein. He is just the man to do it. And never mind about the horrors.

"Prisoners of Hope."

"Oh, my dear fellow, I beg your pardon," said the Major. "I don't know what I was thinking about."

"Think about whisky," said Sherwood rudely. "That's what I need."

"And when he filled a tumbler and drank

it neat at a gulp, repeated the process, and rose to his feet in all his monkey-like strength, Lady George was thrilled to the marrow."

Don't, however, run away with the idea that Sherwood is the hero of this story. He should have been, if only for his prowess as a whisky-drinker, which surpasses even the wonderful drinks they take on the stage—as distinct from dressing-rooms.



TO MARRY THE DUKE DELLA GRAZIA ON NOV. 6: LADY HERMIONE HERBERT.

Lady Hermione Herbert is the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis. Her marriage to the Duke della Grazia takes place on Thursday, Nov. 6, at St. James's, Spanish Place.

Photograph by Lafayette.

lit up in his brain and words ringing like prophecy in his ears:

"You will meet her again in that house, for the second of three times. It will be very, very important, so be ready."

And then his ship set sail, and Sard with it, and he saw no more of the house of his fate for nine years. Yet he never forgot the dream, and when he came again to Las Palomas, this time as mate, he overheard a conversation at a boxing-match which led him to discover a plot to abduct the girl of his dreams.

Sard was a sailor—a true, blue-water sailor. What could he do but try to save the girl from a terrible fate at the hands of fanatics and human devils? And so it fell out that the ship sailed without him and was wrecked, whilst Sard, having failed to save the girl, wanders inland to endure terrors and privations unspeakable.

This account of the nineteen days of wandering reads exactly like the worst sort of nightmare you ever had in your life. I like best the adventure in the military cell, and the attempt of the corporal to get Sard to part with his money:

"Truly, then," the corporal said, "since it will be you who will reward me when the work is done, it must be you who shall make it worth my while to do it. How much then? A hundred pesetas?"

"Not a penny piece," Sard said, "till the engineers are here. Then indeed you shall be rewarded."

"There is a very wise proverb," the corporal said, "Paid first never grieves." And yet another proverb says, "Will-pay is a fine bird, but cash-down sings."

"There is yet another proverb," Sard answered, "The fed hound never hunts," and another still, "Penny-pouched is promise-broken."



TO MARRY LADY HERMIONE HERBERT ON NOV. 6: THE DUKE DELLA GRAZIA.

The Duke della Grazia is the son of Prince and Princess di Campofranco.

Photograph by Lafayette.

But he is not. Tony is the hero, the finest officer in the Royal Air Force during the war. His father cut him off with an island in the South Seas, but left the title-deeds in a tin box on the island. The box was buried in a secret place, and Tony had the chart. So off he went in Sherwood's yacht to look for the island and the title-deeds. He found them, laid out the bully who disputed his possession, and lived there happily ever afterwards with his dear little wife.

All that is sufficiently remarkable, but even more remarkable is the author's hostility to a certain eminent statesman. He accuses this statesman of throwing titles to his friends "with all the cheap enjoyment of the tourist who throws bird-seed to Italian pigeons."

Dear, dear! What a censorious world it is! And one in the family and all!

"Stella Defiant." "Listen, Stella, do you know what is happening? Do you

not read the papers? Do you know that the Germans have—?' And there followed a long list of atrocities and horrors.

"Stella was irritatingly unmoved. 'Do you know what the English have done to the Irish?' And in return she tried to relate a list of Irish grievances and English atrocities that covered seven centuries."

If Stella, or Mrs. Clare Sheridan, can tell me when the English sank a great liner full of innocent, defenceless women and children, and then went so wild with joy that they had to strike a medal to commemorate the deed, I, too, will write a novel indicting the country which gives me hospitality.



THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S NEW LADY-IN-WAITING: LADY ANNALY, WITH HER BABY DAUGHTER.

Lady Annaly is the wife of the fourth Baron, and was formerly Lady Lavinia Spencer. She is the daughter of the sixth Earl Spencer, was married in 1919, and has a baby girl. She succeeds Lady Katherine Meade as Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York.

Photograph by S. and G.

Sard Harker. By John Masefield. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d. net.)

Prisoners of Hope. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d. net.)

Stella Defiant. By Clare Sheridan. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d. net.)

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Guy Fawkes Day—

Please to remember
The fifth of November
Gunpowder Treason and Plot
I see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

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It's a wise old
custom to

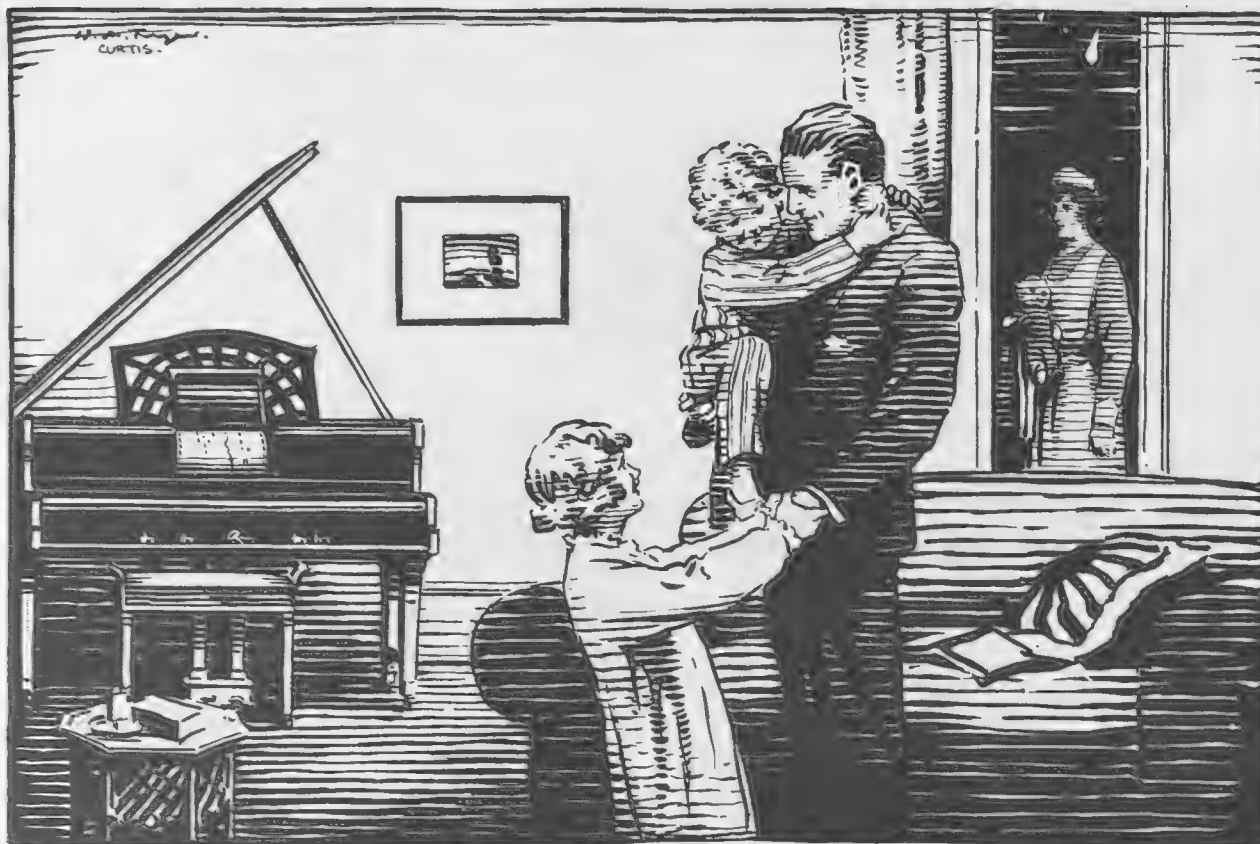
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Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

RICHMOND (that old-established Metropolitan club that clothes its members in red and black and gold; a team which, in recent years, has had for its centre-piece the giant personality of Peter Lawless) was in magnificent form on the last Saturday of October, when they met and defeated the fifteen gentlemen now in *statu pupillari* at the great University of Cambridge. Richmond's burly captain, R. H. O'Brien, had got together a likely-looking lot—especially in the centre of his three-quarter line. Here was that replete player, J. V. Richardson, who, though worthy of the highest honours in the game, has not yet been able to obtain the Dark Blue jersey with a white crown on the left breast, as supplied by Oxford hosiers for exclusive Twickenham wear. By his side was A. R. Aslett—a formidable three-quarter for the Army in bygone struggles with the Senior Service.

I have selected the two centres of the Richmond side for special mention because there was such a marked contrast in this department of the Light Blue team. The Cambridge forwards kept getting the ball out to their skipper-cum-scrum-half, A. T. Young, with such amazing regularity that even his well-seasoned muscles must have ached with the strain. The Light Blue scrum kept up a constant supply of the ball—especially in the second half. It came out in handfuls. Young gave it to Francis, and Francis passed it on to one of the centres. This went on almost unceasingly. On the right wing was Devitt, a useful, fast, and often dangerous player. On the left, the programme told us, Rowe Harding, the Welsh International, filled the wing position. The programme (unlike that of the previous Saturday) was perfectly correct, although it cost not a penny more than those on sale at Twickenham. Rowe Harding was there all right—complete with all his pace and dash

and cleverness. Yet of the Cambridge score, 8 points (Richmond registered 13), one try only came from the three-quarter line.

I am not under-estimating the tackling of the Richmond team; it was exceedingly thorough. Let us examine the procedure of the Cambridge men after the "stand-off." Francis had possession of the ball. (And before talking about the "centres," I might remark that neither of the halves showed much enterprise or resource in the way of making ground or facilitating the work of the "threes.") As soon as Francis received his pass, he transferred it to one of the centres at once. The two centres then appeared to hold a consultation as to what they'd better do with the ball, which had come into their possession (so it seemed) at such a really very inconvenient time. They apparently decided it was no good loitering about with it; so they broke into a jog-trot, during which one parted with the ball to the other—without any reason. It was obvious from the start that the two middle members of the three-quarter line were not going to be so selfish as to score themselves, but were determined to put all the responsibility of getting over the Richmond line

match) how they fared against Oxford; but it will not have been their forward department that let them down, if they suffered defeat.

The Dark Blues seem to be weak forward and formidable behind—the exact opposite, at present, of their Cambridge rivals. The strong International element which their three-quarter line possesses just prevented them from going down recently to Leicester.

The outstanding feature of London football was supplied, at the end of October, by Blackheath. On the previous three Saturdays, Bradford, Newport, and the London Scottish had made the fixture card of the "Heathens" unpleasant reading. Faced with the hitherto unbeaten Cardiff Fifteen, the story of disaster seemed likely to be continued.

It was the old Oxford Blue, Lawton, and the Blackheath forwards that helped to contribute a very different tale—a triumphant victory of 26 points to 3. Cardiff's team contained about eight Welsh Internationals; but even Police-Constable W. J.

Ould could not arrest the progress of the constantly attacking "Heathens" forwards.

It doesn't look (at present) as if any team is going to stop the continual appearance of the head-line—"New Zealanders Win Again." Up to date (Oct. 27) they have scored 338 points to their opponents' 32.

A friend of mine, who is about the worst thing a man can be—a statistician—told me that if you take the length of the ball at 11 3-16th inches, and reckon that amount of inches for each point resulting from the New Zealanders having crossed their opponents' goal-line, or kicked over the cross-bar, the balls placed end to end, on top of one another, would very nearly reach to the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral.

Very interesting, is it not? Similarly, the points, represented in inches, which their opponents have scored would almost come up to the top of the elder Brownlie's head. Although he is 6 ft. 3 in., this is very depressing. The result of the All-Blacks v. Ireland match will be known before these notes appear. I shall be surprised if the visitors' success has been checked.



R. C. W. PICKLES,
BRISTOL.



T. JOHNSON, CARDIFF.



J. M. BANNERMAN,
SCOTLAND.



W. P. COLLOPY
IRISH FORWARD.



IDRIS RICHARDS,
CARDIFF.

on the wing. The Richmond defence therefore had had plenty of time to arrange matters so that he couldn't.

Three-quarters—centres in particular—that pass without having previously used up a corresponding unit of the opposition by forcing a tackle (or an attempt at it) will find that they have given their wing an impossible—an impenetrable—barrier to negotiate. So it was with Cambridge. By the time the wing received the ball, O'Brien had nearly the entire Richmond team assembled on that side of the field to welcome him. There will have to be a distinct improvement in the Light Blue Fifteen before they meet the All-Blacks to-day week.

Bunney, the Richmond scrum-half, is proving a very useful asset to the side, collaborating nicely with the "stand-off," A. P. Wayte. Evan-Thomas, the old full-back of Royal Navy fame, was great in tackling and kicking. When he found touch he gained not only ground, but breathing-time for his forwards. One huge kick went over the stand, and pitched in the middle of a hockey match. Richmond have opposed the two Varsities two Saturdays running. I cannot say (writing some days before the



Baffled at
Last!

I have just been informed
on the best possible
authority that there is one.

problem connected with the rules of golf—and only one—which nobody can answer. It seems incredible to the person who has studied the monumental code for which the golfing world has to thank the Royal and Ancient Club, and the hundreds of convincing interpretations issued by that body in response to questions presenting knotty points. They seem to cover every possibility. People came to the conclusion long ago that the R. and A. Rules Committee could never be beaten. Hypothetical situations—believed by their inventors to defy satisfactory adjudication under any rule of the game—have been thrust at it, and answered with supreme ease and incontestable logic. It is, however, a prominent member of this committee—a man most learned in the rules—who confesses to me that there is one question, affecting a point that might arise in any match on any course, upon which nobody can give a judgment.

A Stymie? Let us consider
No—and Yes. the circumstances.
A's ball is, say,

three inches inside the limit of the putting green. We know that, for legal purposes, the "putting green" is all round, except hazards, within twenty yards of the hole. We have to remember this definition; it operates in connection with several rules. So that A's ball is three inches inside the twenty yards' limit. B's ball is two inches outside the demarcation of the putting green, and its line to the hole is obstructed by A's ball. The distance between them is only five inches, so that one's first impulse would be to say that the effect of the dead stymie could be annulled under the rule which says that when the balls lie within six inches of each other on the putting green the one nearer to the hole may be lifted until the other ball is played. But this regulation—the only one governing the stymie in putting—makes it clear that both balls must be on the putting green before the one further from the hole can obtain relief from the stymie on the ground that they are within six inches of each other. In this case, only A's is on the putting green. B's is just off it. Therefore, the stymie rule does not govern the situation.

No-Man's Land. We turn to the only other rule bearing on the point—the rule which says that, when the balls lie within a club's-length of each other through the green or in a hazard, the ball nearer to the hole may be lifted until the other ball is played. But there is no solution to the problem here. It is expressly stipulated in the definitions that "through the green" is all ground on which play is permitted, except hazards and the putting green of the hole that is being played. In this instance only the obstructed ball is in a position known as "through the green," and so its

owner cannot claim to have the other ball lifted on the ground that they are within a club's-length of each other. In short, although the rules intend that, when the balls are in such proximity, the obstructed player shall have relief from the stymie either through the green or on the green—and do, indeed, grant him such

relief under separate heads—they leave him stranded in the circumstances described. Nor has anybody yet discovered a clause under which justice can be done to him. He is in a kind of "no-man's land."

At any rate, it is almost refreshing to know that the Rules Committee has at length found something to baffle it—something in which both players appear to be perfectly right when one is saying: "I can have your ball lifted," and the other is declaring, "No, you can't." Considering the extraordinary variety of conditions in which golf is pursued—conditions as varied as Nature can make them—it is a tribute to the completeness of the rules that only once in a very long while does a problem defy solution. A great many questions are sent to the Rules Committee, but in 499 instances out of every 500 they are capable of settlement under the rules, although in some cases they present such a complication of circumstances that it needs a very profound knowledge of the code to secure their elucidation. Still, once they are settled, they add to the world's sum of enlightenment concerning the correct procedure in unusual situations on the links, and it is good to know that the Rules Committee is preparing for publication a new and up-to-date volume of its decisions. Such a book—the first since 1913—will be of great service in settling the friendly discussions which arise frequently on golf courses, which everybody enjoys because he feels certain that he will be proved right.



WATCHING MISS V. BENSON PLAY A CHIP SHOT:
THE HON. GWENDOLINE MARSHALL.

The Hon. Gwendoline Marshall is the younger daughter of Lord Marshall of Chipstead. Our snapshot of her and Miss Benson was taken during the Guildford Ladies' Challenge Cup Tournament at Guildford.

Photograph by S. and G.



COMPETITORS IN THE LADIES' PARLIAMENTARY GOLF MEETING AT MITCHAM:
THE MARCHIONESS OF CARISBROOKE (R.)
AND MRS. DOUGLAS FISH.

In spite of the rain, many well-known women competed in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Association Meeting at Mitcham. Lady Carisbrooke is the sister of the Earl of Lonsborough.

Photograph by Alfieri.

Diligent Legislation.

Few people realise the pains which the R. and A. Rules Committee takes to ensure the soundness of its decisions. Questions are submitted in the first instance to a resident sub-committee at St. Andrews, consisting of Mr. W. Norman Boase, Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. M. Skene, and Mr. R. B. Sharp, who answer any of a kind which have been dealt with previously or are otherwise simple of settlement by people primed in the rules. More abstruse points are circulated among the other members of the committee—namely, Captain Angus V. Hambro (Chairman), Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville, Mr. John Ball, Mr. H. S. Colt, Mr. A. C. M. Croome, Major C. K. Hutchison, Mr. J. L. Low, Mr. C. B. Macdonald, Mr. J. Stuart Paton, Mr. H. E. Taylor, Mr. R. H. de Montmorency, and Mr. R. H. Wethered. On the basis of their findings, a decision is drafted, and this, in turn, is sent to all the members, any one of whom may challenge it and call for a discussion of the matter at a meeting of the Rules Committee. This is one of many valuable duties that St. Andrews performs in the interests of the game, although a lot of people imagine that it does next to nothing.

Give and Take. How many times the rules of golf are broken every day probably even Providence does not know—since Providence does not need to take heed of innocent offences. There was never a race of people so conscientious as the golfing race in its endeavour to be law-abiding, and yet so transgressive because of its lack of legal knowledge.



Peter and Judy

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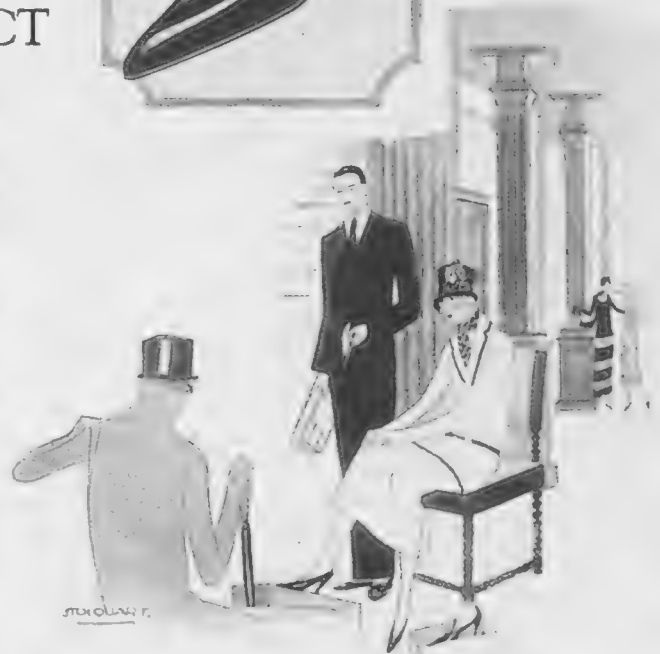
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H.M. The Queen of Roumania made a selection of the latest styles from among the models shown on this page. They are not only smart and graceful styles, but are authoritatively correct for this Autumn's wear. Miss Madge Titheradge, who favours a pointed toe, was particularly pleased with Model HS 2107.

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Fashions have become so important in these days that a special matinée at the Prince of Wales's Theatre recently was devoted entirely to displaying lovely toilettes created by the famous Paris designer, Lucien Lelong, interspersed with quaint Russian dances from members of the Chauve-Souris company. Miss

Ideal for sports wear is this featherweight hat of golden-brown stitched felt from Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Phyllis Monkman, who on this occasion played the rôle of a mannequin, introduced to us an amusing golf suit which entirely dispensed with a skirt! Expressed in gay yellow plaid kasha, with touches of moss-green, a pleated tunic reached almost to the knees, revealing glimpses of perfectly cut breeches to match. Neat golf stockings and well-built brogues completed the picture. Another sports suit in soft tweed bound with leather had breeches, too, over which appeared a straight frock, extremely short, and slit each side up to the waist. The most exacting champion will admit that these are ideal outfits for strenuous sports which demand complete freedom of movement. As a contrast to her first dress, Miss Monkman next appeared in a three-piece suit surely designed for a really important "five o'clock." A long coat (the official name for a wrap reaching just below the knee) carried out in black satin bordered with chinchilla opened on a tunic of gold, scarlet, and black checks, severely straight from neck to hem, with an underskirt matching the coat.

Birds-of-Paradise on Frocks.

In my opinion the most fascinating creations shown by Lelong were the two evening frocks, each embroidered with a magnificent bird-of-paradise with widespread wings in crystals and diamanté. One was a dinner gown of black chiffon velvet, with a deep band of jet encircling the hips. Decorating the entire left side was an exquisitely embroidered bird sparkling in brilliant relief against the dark background. The other model was a diaphanous affair in white marocain adorned with a bird-of-paradise in every colour of the rainbow, stretching from the left shoulder to the opposite hem. Another striking evening frock of black velvet boasted a circular apron made entirely of row upon row of flat gold and crystal tassels swinging gracefully from a deep band of gold braid.

Waistcoats of White Fur. Many of the prettiest day frocks were studies in black corded silk relieved with subtle touches of white fur. One tube-like creation of this material had a gilet and very high collar of "bunny," and another introduced it in the form of a monk's circular collar. The Etudiante, a simple little

affair in elderberry-red, was completed with an Eton collar and tie edged with the same fur.

Captivating Sports and Country Hats.

Every devotee of the country appreciates the splendid qualities of sports hats bearing the name of Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W. It is a guarantee of excellence which can be claimed by the three becoming affairs pictured here. On the left is a golden-brown stitched felt hat, costing 35s., and opposite, a grey waterproof unspottable felt, obtainable for 42s. The third model is a soft adjustable affair in a silk-and-wool mixture which is as light as the proverbial feather. It costs 35s., available in several attractive colour-schemes. This firm also specialise in captivating jockey caps and berets made of unspottable velvet, which are the essence of comfort and neatness. They are designed to fit perfectly shingled heads or more complicated coiffures.

Frocks for Winter Abroad.

Those fortunate folk who contemplate wintering in Egypt, the Riviera, or in some equally pleasant clime should make a point of visiting Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street, W., who specialise in charming frocks for abroad. The two sketched on this page are carried out in heavy white crêpe-de-Chine, and are obtainable for 9 guineas each. Faggot-



Everyone wintering abroad should study these frocks of white crêpe-de-Chine at Coulson and Sons, 105, New Bond Street, W.



Two becoming sports hats designed and carried out by Robert Heath. Grey waterproof felt trimmed with ribbon makes the one above, and a silk-and-wool mixture that on the left.



stitching ornaments the one with the plissé skirt, and delicate loop embroidery the other. Pretty little affairs in white Italian crêpe, finely pleated and bound with contrasting colours, range from 5 guineas; and frocks of sheer linen, hand-drawn, are 5½ guineas. There is also a wide choice of afternoon models for more formal occasions from 7 guineas upwards. This sum secures a fascinating affair in black crêpe-de-Chine, plain and plissé, bound with gold galon and decorated with Chinese embroidery; while 8 guineas is the cost of a perfectly fitting model in black charmeuse, striped with the reverse side of the material. Semi-evening frocks, too, are available at the moderate price of 6½ guineas in many lovely shades of georgette. And by the way, a note should be made of the fact that a number of pretty morning frocks in cotton georgette and voile, saved from our own disastrous summer, are being offered at half-price.

A Brochure of the Season's Fashions.

Before definitely deciding on a plan of action with regard to replenishing the winter wardrobe, a vast amount of time and trouble will be saved by applying to D. H. Evans, Oxford Street, W., for a copy of their new catalogue. It will be sent gratis and post free. There are afternoon frocks of chiffon velveteen cut on slimming cross-over lines, obtainable for 55s. 9d., and well-tailored coat-frocks in repp trimmed with embroidery and many buttons for 75s. 9d. The long beaded tunics which are so much in vogue for evening frocks can be secured from 37s. 6d. in many exquisite colourings and designs. In the sphere of lingerie, cosy Japanese quilted silk dressing-gowns lined throughout with silk can be obtained for 29s. 6d.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Country Clothes for the Older Woman.

Women with a tendency to *embonpoint* will agree that simple tweed coats and suits are extremely trying to wear unless the tailoring is quite perfect. A special study of this problem has been made by Studd and

Millington, the well-known tailors, of 51, Conduit Street, W. The useful coat pictured on this page, for instance, is made with special pleats from the shoulders to allow ample fullness while retaining the slim silhouette. This coat can be obtained in all tweeds and cheviots, etc., from 6½ guineas upwards. Coats and skirts of the same materials are made to measure from 8½ guineas, and town ones from 10 guineas; while raincoats in proofed West of England covert coatings are from 7 guineas. All these indispensable items of a country outfit combine practical utility with the inimitable "cut" for which this house is famous.

Distinctive Hats for Town Wear.

Choosing a hat from amongst an infinite variety of

Knitted suits for town and country wear are also a speciality, as well as fascinating frocks for all occasions, and evening frocks with cloaks to match. But a most important innovation, which must on no account be overlooked, is the new reducing belt and brassière sponsored by Edelle. It is scientifically designed; and everyone who despairs of ever attaining the much-desired slim silhouette should visit Edelle without delay and obtain full particulars.

Inexpensive Frocks and Coats.

Alluring dance frocks of satin and marocain, cut quite straight and introducing the fashionable long silken fringe, can be obtained for the modest sum of 73s. 6d. by all who visit Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, W. One model, in shimmering satin, is completed with two tiers of this fringe on the skirt, and has two pennons edged with it floating from the shoulders. There are many others, equally attractive, available for this amount. Coats, too, can be secured at equally pleasant prices. A three-quarter-length coat of the fashionable pony-cloth, boasting a long scarf collar, is only 5½ guineas, and fur-trimmed coats of velour neatly piped with braid are 5 guineas. It must be noted that this firm pay carriage on all drapery orders in Great Britain; and to aid those shopping by post they have prepared a little brochure illustrating some of the attractive possibilities. It will be sent free to all readers of this paper.

Old Furs Remodelled and Exchanged.

Now is an opportune moment to remind every one of the splendid work performed by the Fur Renovating Company, at 58, Cheapside, E.C. They receive the oldest furs, often in the quaintest shapes of many years ago, and miraculously turn them into fashionable coats and stoles which render the purchase of new furs unnecessary. Nothing daunts this enterprising firm; as the sketch on this page proves, even the old-fashioned coats of seal musquash worn by our grandmothers emerge from their hands

completely transformed, and every type of fur will be matched when it is a case of replacing worn parts. The charges are exceptionally moderate, and the organisation ensures quick delivery. The firm have a special cleaning process which restores the fur to its first freshness, and as a preventative against moths they have devised a wonderful preparation, "Moth-ite," which is quite odourless. It is obtainable for 2s. 6d. a tin, post free. Nearly every woman has old, discarded furs lying by, and I advise her

in part exchange for old furs which are likely to prove useful for repairing purposes. At this time of year furs invariably need a thorough overhauling after their summer storage, and it is well worth while arranging a consultation with these clever experts, whose salons, by the way, are on the first floor.



Two captivating hats from Edelle, 30, New Bond Street, W. Nigger panne faced with velvet and trimmed with shaded feather poufs expresses that on the left, and emerald silk velour the one above.

Novelty of the Week.

Useful house frocks in corduroy velveteen, bound with braid and completed with a decorative buckled belt, can be secured in several attractive colours for the modest sum of 15s. 11d. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to state where they may be obtained.

A perfectly tailored country coat designed for the well-developed woman by Studd and Millington, 51, Conduit Street, W. It can be built in all tweeds and cheviots.

delightful rivals is an enthralling occupation; and every woman in search of models that are quite individual should visit Edelle, of 30, New Bond Street, W. It was there I saw the three becoming affairs pictured on this page. On the right is a neat little "mushroom" of lizard-skin, striped with narrow corded ribbon. At the top of the page are two models introducing the fashionable high crown. Above is a silk velour in a soft emerald nuance; and the second is in nigger panne faced with velvet and trimmed with shaded feather poufs. Of those delightful berets and calottes for which Edelle is famous there is a great variety in wool, chenille, suède, and velvet, hand-embroidered in lovely colourings.



A delightful "mushroom" hat of lizard-skin, striped with narrow ribbon, which must be placed to the credit of Edelle.

to despatch them to the Fur Renovating Company, who will send free advice and estimates by return. Also, new model coats and stoles are offered



The Fur Wizard who transformed this early Victorian seal musquash coat into a delightfully fashionable wrap of today must be sought at the Fur Renovating Company, 58, Cheapside, E.C.

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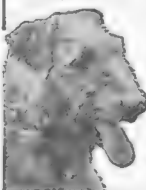
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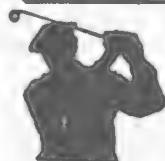
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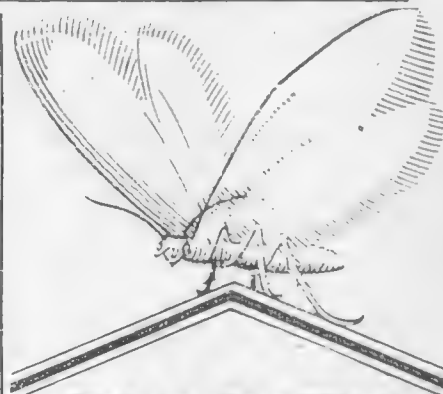
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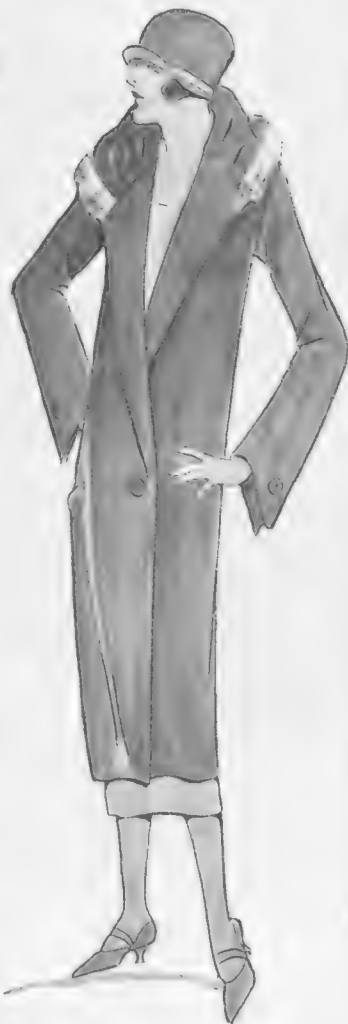
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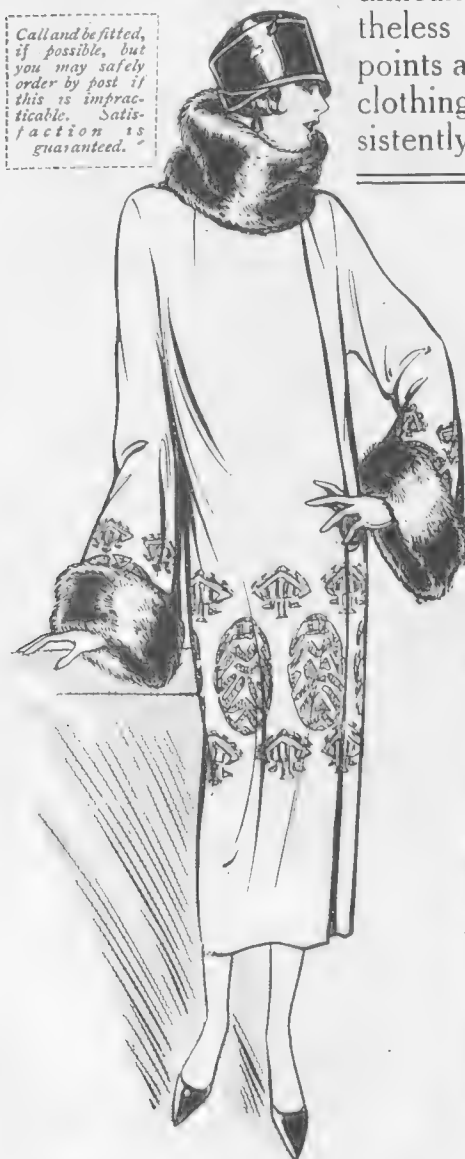
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Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores in jars at 1/3 and 2/6, and tubes at 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-. The Cold Cream also in extra large tubes, 2/6.

FOR MEN'S USE

The use of Pond's Vanishing Cream after shaving not only is delightful, but keeps the skin smooth and in perfect condition, and makes the next shave easier.



POND'S EXTRACT CO., 103, St. John Street, London, E.C. 1

Pond's Vanishing Cream





Coat of green velvet lined with grey squirrel. Collar and cuffs of grey squirrel.

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Children over-growing their strength.

When children grow very rapidly, it frequently happens that the bodily demand for food is greater than the ability to digest it.

The anæmic and weakly condition—not quite ill-health—which results, is medically described as "Malnutrition."

To overcome malnutrition, Doctors prescribe



in addition to the ordinary food. A cupful between meals and at bed-time is of the utmost benefit.

Benger's Food gives the extra bodily nutrition required, but places no extra task upon a child's digestion.

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BEAUTIFUL SHOES

Patent, Glace, Tan or Bronze Kid, Black or White Satin.

Patent, Tan Kid or Black Suede.

Patent, Gun-metal or Tan Calf.

Charming Hosiery in Newest Shades.

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Price

6½ Gns.

Sent on approval.

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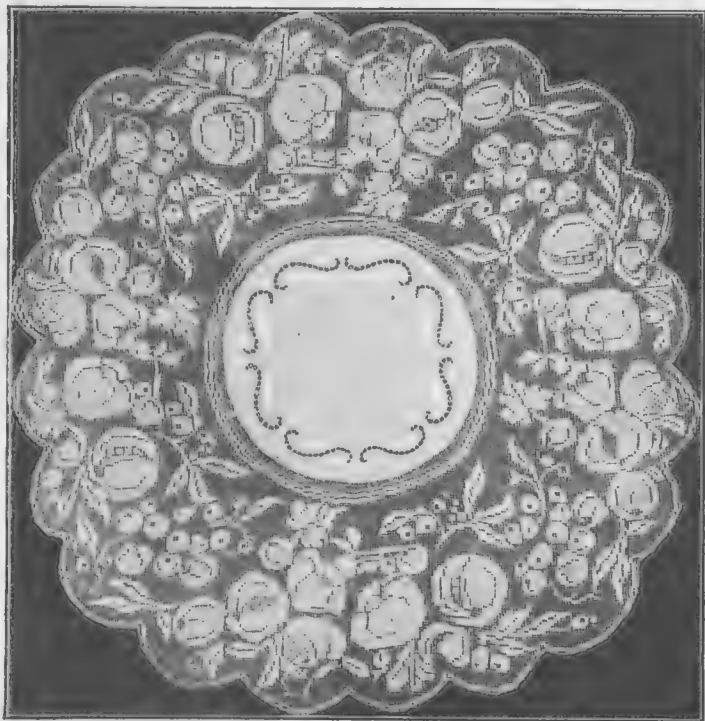
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12 Plate Mats, 10 in.;	Special	
12 Plate Mats, 6 in.	Value,	

Per Set. Postage Free.

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An Example from
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'FROME.'

Made of beautiful soft
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5½ Gns

Or with Skirt, **7 Gns**

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THE choicest and
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The Most-favoured Opoponax

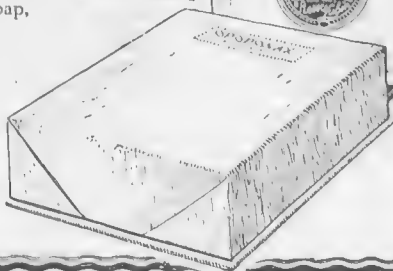
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THE TWO MIGHTY ATOMS

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"I am number three"

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of the finest English Crystal Glass. This reproduction is a wonderful specimen of the skill of the British Glass maker, being entirely hand made.



Liqueur Glasses	75/- doz.	Goblets	- - - 150/- doz.
Sherry	" 90/- "	Finger Bowls	- 75/- "
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**CHARMING
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We have a large and varied selection of exquisite garments most reasonably priced.

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In the past a great number of people have chosen to suffer the inconveniences associated with grey hair rather than take the risks of dyeing, and it must be admitted that there was much to justify their fears. The introduction of Nuctone Treatment for Grey Hair has altered everything and the colour can now be restored gradually and permanently without the slightest risk. Nuctone Treatment works along new lines entirely, supplying to the hair those pigments which nature has ceased to give and depending upon the co-operation of ordinary light and air to complete the restoration of the colour.

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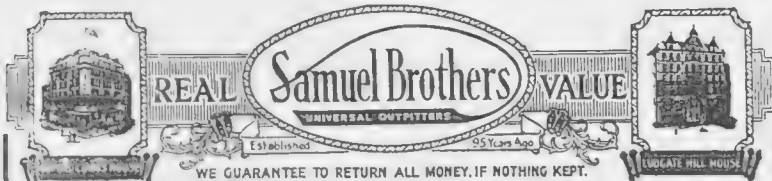
Camera portrait of Miss Josephine Earle.



Camera portrait of Miss Joyce Barbour.



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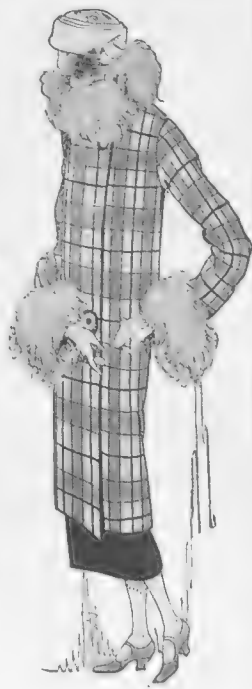
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94/6

"DERRY."

"BURSTOW."

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State length and second choice of colour preferred, and permit us to send you A SELECTION ON APPROVAL. In the first transaction a London reference should be given. If a remittance accompanies an order, we refund money in full in the event of the goods not meeting with approval.

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Much is said about personality. Some of it true, some of it problematical. The voice *may* express it—or the mannerism. The apparel certainly *does*.

Felt Hat
 Model No. L439
42/-

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These hats are made in many shades of Grey, Fawn and Brown, and in the New Season's Colours.

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A tablet of Price's Old English Lavender Soap is a talisman which conjures up the happiest memories—full of the scent that breathes beauty.

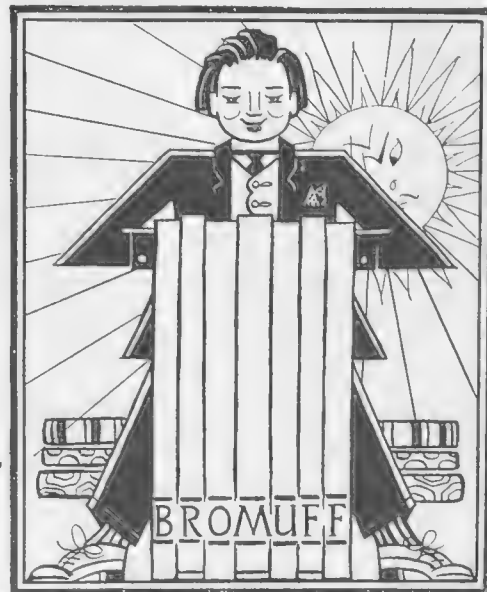
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We guarantee "Bromuff" Fabrics to be absolutely impervious to Sun, Sea-air, Wash-tub or Dry-cleaning, and we further undertake to replace the goods and pay the cost of making-up should the colour fade from any cause whatever.

Goods sent carriage paid to any address in Great Britain. Write to-day for patterns, stating nature of materials required, to the Sole Proprietors and Distributors.

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Bradford, Yorks, England.

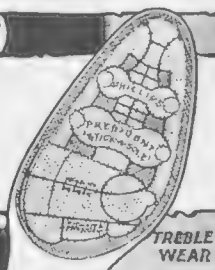
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Insist on PHILLIPS. Ladies' 2/6, Men's 3/6 pr. Refuse all substitutes. with PHILLIPS SOLUTION.

Phillips' STICK-A-SOLES



Hildebrand CHOCOLATES

Obtainable from all good Confectioners. In case of difficulty write O. Knecht, 52, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2

93



MODEL 14

"GLENELTA" HAT (REGD.)

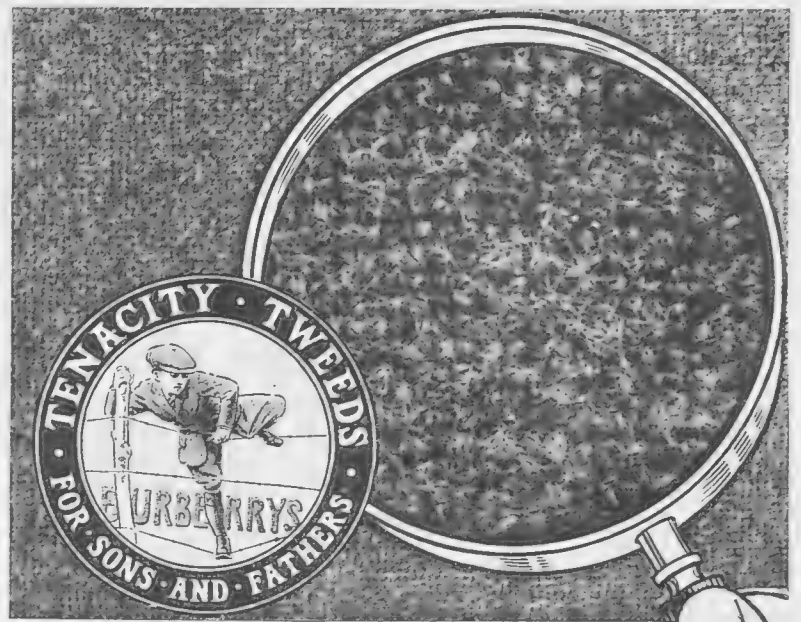
Newest Fur Felt Hat of Camel Hair, with stitched brim and folded-in crown. Bound at edge, trimmed corded ribbon, and finished with feather mount at side.

Colours—BLACK, Grey, Cinnamon, Beaver, Fawn, Tan & Sand.
Sizes. 6½ 7 and 7½.

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TENACITY TWEEDS

Scientists could have told you years ago, that a suit tailored from a cloth woven from cross-bred wool with a percentage of linen would probably outlast two made from a pure wool fabric, the only thing they could not explain, was how such a material was to be woven. The knowledge was left to Burberrys to discover, and after years spent in experimenting, they have succeeded in combining these two constituent fibres, and in Tenacity Tweeds have produced a material that provides

THE SUIT THAT WON'T WEAR OUT

In appearance, colour and design, Tenacity Tweeds resemble high-grade Scottish Cheviots, and, in addition, they possess such wonderful wear-resisting powers that they easily outlast suits made from pure wool materials.

HAVE A SUIT OF TENACITY TWEED AND SAVE HALF YOUR TAILOR'S BILLS

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Wholesale—BURBERRYS GOLDEN SQUARE W.1

Burberrys Ltd.

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SPECIAL VALUES IN SUPERIOR QUALITY CRÊPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTDRESSES

No. 40 WSU.

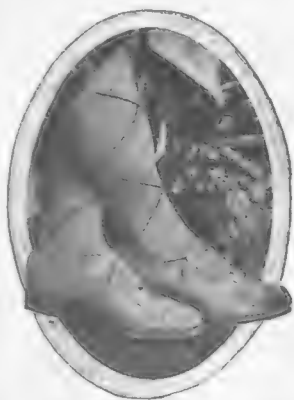
NIGHTDRESS IN CREPE-DE-CHINE TRIMMED NET AND HAND EMBROIDERED SPRAYS, IN IVORY, PINK, SKY, HELIO, OR CHAMPAGNE,

PRICE **45/9**

DAINTY BOUDOIR CAP IN CREPE-DE-CHINE TRIMMED LACE AND RIBBON - 12/9

MONEY RETURNED IF NOT APPROVED, AND CARRIAGE PAID ON ALL DRAPERY.

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Send to Scotland

For Sports Hose requirements and know the charm and exclusiveness of real Scotch productions which will give the utmost reliability and, consequently, satisfaction. Besides, all Greensmith Downes' Hose are guaranteed. That is a double assurance.

THE "LOCHTAY" (as illustrated) are smart, good wearing finger-ing wool dined Sports Hose, designed in handsome marled colourings overchecked as indicated. Schemes in Grey, Fawn, Brown, Brown/White and Black/White. Price only **16/6**

Also in similar colours with narrower overcheck, price **13/6**
Splendid value is expressed in broad-ribbed light texture marled Cashmere Sports Hose, in smartest shades. Price per pair **7/11**

Send to-day for a selection and the new Colour Illustrated Book of "Alba" Knitted Wear, to

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REDU-CU

The
**Unattainable
Attained!**
Everybody cannot be a Venus, but Redu-cu, the latest medical-reducing belt, the outcome of careful study of the human form gives to every woman a perfectly proportioned figure.....



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An eminent M.D. writes :
"Any woman's face must indeed be very wrinkled and old-looking which cannot considerably be rejuvenated by your really splendid exercises."



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says
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Safety inside bath mat to prevent danger of slipping; also made in nursery size. Sink mat to prevent breakages.

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Price **4/6**
The ALL GLASS Drinking Cup.



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The "Elfin" Glass Cup cannot burn or blister the fingers and the flask is absolutely hygienic, easily cleaned and untarnishable. The

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VACUUM FLASK

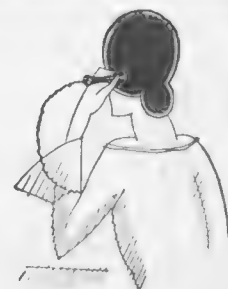
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The best means of raising the lightest, most appetizing, & digestible cakes, pastries, puddings, and pies. ~ ~
ALWAYS INSIST ON HAVING BORWICK'S.



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Materials are lovely, a corded satin that looks like fine knife-pleating, georgette in all the new tones of apricot and flame—exquisite hand-embroideries and real Bianchini scarves and linings.

Yes—plenty of scope for individuality. We specialise in all sizes, Madame. . . No, we never charge for alterations. Our frocks are ready to wear the same day."

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LOW priced furs are not necessarily cheap. It pays to buy the best. We offer reliable and Guaranteed Furs made in our own Factory at genuine Wholesale Prices, thus eliminating the shopkeeper's profit. Call and inspect our large and varied stock, it will interest you.

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Fine quality, 4 strands wide
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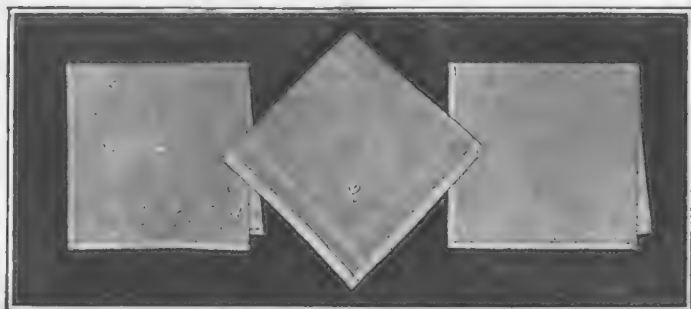
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YOU soon appreciate the special quality of Robinson and Cleaver's pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs. Their smoothness and softness; absence from fluff, makes them far superior to the so-called "Linen Substitutes," and their prices are no higher.



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PLAIN LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS.
H11. Ladies' Finest Sheen Linen Hand-hemstitched Handkerchiefs, about 11 inches with narrow hem. Per doz. **18/6**

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PRICE LIST.

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41. Fine Linen Handkerchiefs, Hand-embroidered Two-lettered Monogram, about 19½ inches, ¾ inch hem. Per doz. **30/-**

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Posticheurs D'art & Hair Specialists.

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Let your next Transformation be a "Nicol" production and you will know the joy of feeling perfectly satisfied with your coiffure.

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Please write for Catalogue.

Permanent Waving of ladies' own hair by an entirely new process without use of electric heaters.
Charming result assured.

The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need")
Price from 15 Guineas.
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ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest "Pull-on" Sports Hat in their *superfine quality* Felt. Absolutely waterproof, very light in weight, the brim will withstand the wind and roll up for the pocket. A very distinctive Hat, it is quite different from anything yet designed, with the new pleated back and wing brim, which being patented (No. 218580) cannot be obtained elsewhere. Sizes 6½ to 7½. In black, castor, tabac, tan, Cuba, beaver, nigger, light grey, carbon, white, cinnamon, new saxe, mignonette green, mauve, navy, rust, champagne, light purple and bright chestnut ... Price **37/6**

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ROBERT HEATH
of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

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It comes from curing and maturing the delicate leaf by methods used for ages and ages. It comes from **hand-cutting** and **hand-making** the pick of the Macedonian crop into

Balkan Sobranie

15/6 PER 100 LARGE SIZE *The Exquisite of the Cigarette World* 14/- PER 100 MEDIUM SIZE

OBTAINABLE AT ALL STORES AND HIGH-CLASS TOBACCONISTS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

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The opportunity to enjoy the protection and comfort of the famous Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear, once the prerogative of Children and Ladies only, is now extended to Men.

CHILPRUFE for Men

PANTS, DRAWERS, TRUNK DRAWERS, PYJAMAS.


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Hats
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Each day the vogue for hatter's plush becomes more pronounced, and here are two charming Reslaw hats expressing this latest whim of fashion. A bold fan of green velvet decorates the model on the left, and shaded copper and beige manchon the one above.

PHOTOS. ELWIN NEAME.

YOUR HANDS DESERVE DENT'S GLOVES



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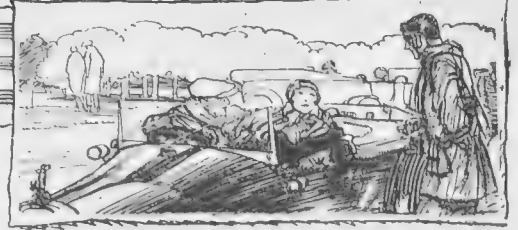
These Dent's Velbuk Gauntlets, made in Worcester, are warmly lined with fur and topped with Mole Coney. The wrists are held snug with elastic. In three colours—sable, nigger and slate.

Dent's Gloves speak of taste and distinction in every line and seam. They have been the choice of the woman of fashion for over two hundred years.

Any good glover will be pleased to show you Dent's wealth of new designs for autumn and winter wear. You will know them as Dent's by the "D" on the buttons or the word "Dent's" within the wrist. These are the signs of a finely made glove, irreproachably fashioned, reasonably priced.

DENT'S GLOVES

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.



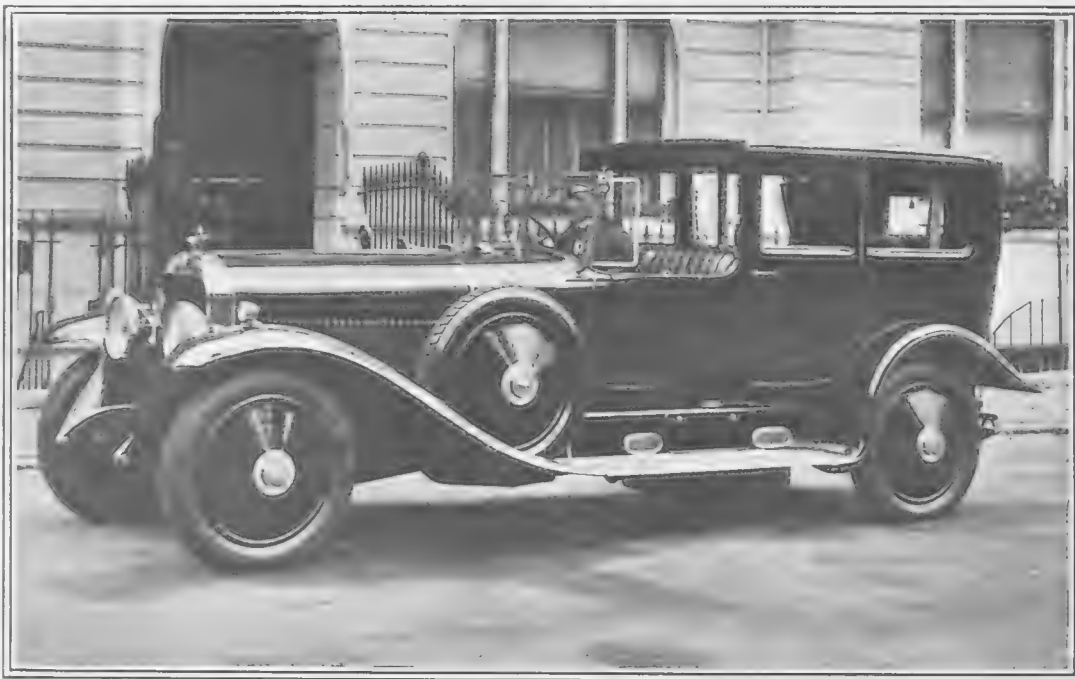
All-Metal Motor-Cars.

When the first Zeppelin was shot down much interest was taken in its metal framework and cabins of a particularly light yet tough alloy of aluminium. No one in this country knew the secret of its mixture at that time, and I am not altogether sure that the information has been obtained since. Still, at that period I did wonder whether the future limousine would be made of this alloy material in place of wood, steel panels, or tin ones. Then, about two years ago, the Lancia Lambda chassis arrived, with the metal frames of the superstructure part and parcel of the chassis. This having proved a success, a Frenchman went to the other extreme, and lo! an ultra-flexible coachwork was evolved yclept the Weymann, which was built of wood and fabric, without metal panels. This year has seen the pendulum swing the other way, and the all-steel body has appeared on the Citroën chassis. Consequently, who knows but that in a year or so the old Zep. style of light metal alloy will be used in conjunction with the chassis to produce the all-metal motor carriage, lined with air-cushions to caress the limbs of the passengers, and low-pressure tyres to soften the rough road on which they may travel. I have heard that some Swiss professor has re-discovered the Zep. alloy, or produced another one which has the attribute of being one-third the weight of cast iron with the strength of ordinary steel. Perhaps in the 1925 Motor Exhibition at Olympia we may see this new alloy used to lighten various portions of the chassis and coachwork, as well as forming the main details in the construction of the body.

Four-Wheel Braking Systems.

When anything new is added or put upon a motor-car, it seldom appears in a uniform design. I think the intention is to intrigue the public and keep them exclaiming what wonderful fellows the motor-makers are. Take four-wheel brakes, for instance. Goodness knows how many varieties in systems there were to be found on the cars exhibited at Olympia. All of them seemed a bit afraid they were too good and endeavoured to make some provision to stop them braking too hard. In fact, most of the complication in any system was due to the desire to make a brake not brake over a certain amount of braking power. I believe this is technically expressed as "an automatic relieving action." So far, my personal experience has been, during the season, with a car that has no automatic relieving action, but you simply put your brakes on or you don't. I have

found its simplicity most effective, but have never yet been able to answer an oft-put question, "Do you brake more on the back wheels than the front ones, or vice-versa?" Actually, the brake tension is "fifty-fifty," as our U.S.A. visitors say, and when I put the pedal down, the car pulls up quietly and smoothly; but whether it is due to front or rear-wheel brakes, or which set do the major share of the work, I cannot tell. And I do not believe anyone else can either. However, you cannot drive the car and stand by the side of the road to watch the effect of the brakes at one and the same time; hence my ignorance. Still, to get back to the variety of four-wheel brakes now on offer to the motoring public, there are the outside contracting-band type, as found on the Buick and other U.S.A. or Canadian cars, the internal expanding type with rigid shoes operated by



A FINE TYPE OF MODERN CAR: THE ISOTTA FRASCHINI 35.8-H.P., WITH A FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ.

Our photograph shows an Isotta Fraschini, Type 8 chassis, 35.8-h.p., fitted with a four-seater coupé. It is the property of Amelia Lady Jackson.

a cam, and there are the hydraulic type, in which oil operates the mechanism in place of rods. Besides these forms there are the pneumatic brakes, such as the Westinghouse, as used on trains and commercial motor-lorries, which is a pressure brake; and the Dewandre system, as used on some French cars, which is a suction or vacuum brake, made to work by the suction produced by the engine in the induction pipe. As for the oil hydraulic systems, some have an oil-pump driven by gears in the gearbox, while others, like the Delage, use the oil to act as a servo, or, as in the Lockhead system, drive pistons to operate the braking mechanism in the drums. Then there is the mechanical servo like the Hispano-Suiza and the Rolls-Royce; but each has its own patent method—in the case of the latter, to permit the car to be equally braked, going forwards or backwards, by the servo or semi-servo mechanism.

Governors or Speed Brakes. In fact, when you learn that a car has "servo" brakes, you at once realise that the car must have great speed on the

road. For the servo mechanism is a kind of governor that opens out and lets off the steam of the speed when you put your foot on the brake-pedal, just as the old swing balls used to open the safety valve and let out the steam of the early engines. The faster they swung round, the more they opened the valve. And so with the mechanical servo: the faster the car is travelling, the wider open flies the servo mechanism, and so the firmer it puts on the brakes on all four wheels. So, as "servo" seems a sort of dog Latin title, it would be much better to call them governor, or speed brakes, or capstan brakes at a pinch, for a snappy term. Folks seem to want short yet descriptive titles nowadays, and "servo"

tells you nothing. Actually it puzzles most people. One girl I know thought it was a new kind of sweetmeat, and a stand attendant on one of the stalls displaying a chassis with this form of stopping power asked me "what it really was, as the boss couldn't explain it." Hence it is about time it changed its name. There is one thing that four-wheel brakes have changed, and that is the steering mechanism, front axles, front spring attachment, and the frame as well in cars that have been well designed to carry front-wheel brakes. Of course, there are some cars that have just added them to their outfit like a new mascot. All I can

hope for these is that it will be a lucky one.

Rolls-Royce Brake System.

A run on the new 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce, recently fitted with front-wheel brakes, proved that the limousine, weighing with its passengers about 2½ tons, pulled up in thirty paces, when proceeding at a speed of 40 miles an hour, without the slightest sign of skidding, or of locking the front wheels. They were equally effective when cornering. In this system internal expanding shoes which are operated by the pedal are fitted to all four wheels; and there is an additional pair of shoes on each of the rear-wheels, put in action on the brake drums by the hand lever, making six brakes in all. The front-wheel mechanism consists of a lever mounted on the cam spindle operated by a pull-rod, which connects it to a lever fitted to a spindle on the front axle. Cables run from the front axle to a compensator, to ensure even braking on each wheel. Similarly, a pair of compensated cables operate the rear-wheel brakes, and the two sets—back and front—are controlled by a mechanical servo

[Continued overleaf.]

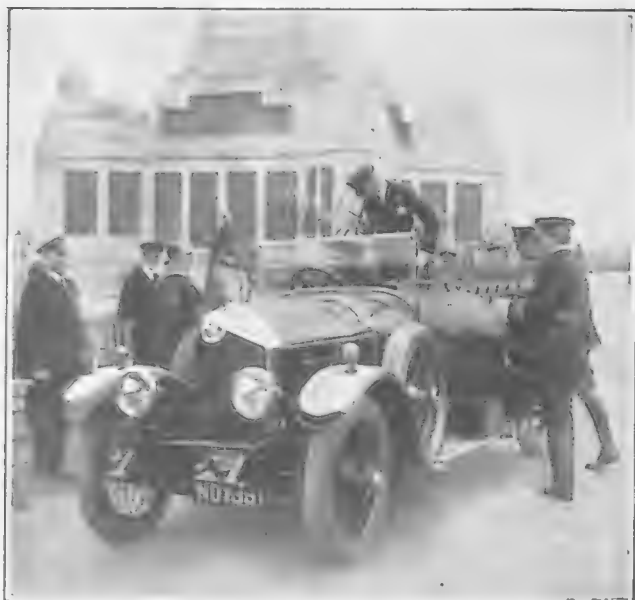


DEWAR'S THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY

Chivalry is long-lived, for in mankind has ever been the desire to face odds for the rightness of things. Praise of chivalrous action echoes throughout the ages and so does praise of . . .

DEWAR'S

Continued] motor-driven by skew gears, and fitted on the offside of the gear-box. A feature of this Rolls-Royce system is that the servo motor acts equally well when the car is running backwards. Also provision is made so that the rear brakes can be operated mechanically when the servo motor is not in action. This permits the foot-brake to hold the car when on a slope and at a standstill.



THE DUKE OF YORK AT PORTSMOUTH: H.R.H. ENTERING A CROSSLEY.

This photograph shows the Duke of York entering a Crossley car at Portsmouth after unveiling the Naval War Memorial there.

Vacuum Oil.

Gargoyle, Mobiloil, and greases for the lubrication of motor-cars generally were the items exhibited by the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., at the Motor Show. A highly useful instruction booklet, entitled "Correct Lubrication," was presented to all visitors to their stand, and the chart of recommendation as to which is the correct grade of Mobiloil for the present generation of cars should prove extremely useful to its possessors. As it includes all types of cars from 1920 to 1924, it serves as a reminder that, however engines may have improved in speed, they still require as much attention to-day as twenty-five years ago—if not more so.

C.A.V.

Wireless enthusiasts were as much attracted to the C.A.V. stand at Olympia as their motoring friends, as the new loud speaker recently placed on the market by C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., has proved its intrinsic value in the hands of the public. It was to be seen there, as well as various lighting dynamos, starter-motors, switch-board controls, road lamps, lamp-bulbs, accessories of all sorts, and car batteries incorporating the patent threaded rubber plate insulation for lighting, starting, and ignition purposes. The new anti-dazzle C.A.V. bulb, with its combined normal and dimmer filament,



CRACKED, BUT UNSPLINTERED: A TRIPLEX GLASS SCREEN AFTER A COLLISION WITH A MOTOR-CYCLIST.

The wonderful efficiency of Triplex glass is well illustrated by the above photograph, which shows a car after a collision with a motor-cyclist. Had the screen been made of the ordinary splinterable glass, the occupants would undoubtedly have been seriously injured, but they were saved by their Triplex Safety Glass.

is about the simplest means to be found for meeting the dazzle complaint of other road-users, as it costs only a few shillings, including dimmer switch and necessary cables to fit.

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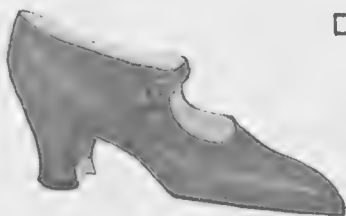


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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

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Private Lessons in Ball-Room Dancing. In these days, to be able to dance is not enough; one must dance really well or be left ignominiously in

the background. Consequently, not only beginners, but also those more proficient in the art will find a course of lessons at the d'Albert School of Dancing, 13, Baker

The season of Christmas parties is not so very far away—occasions when elder members of the school-room are apt to feel shy and awkward unless they can dance with confidence. A few lessons at the d'Albert School is an excellent remedy.



Mellin's Food is eagerly welcomed by this happy little personage, and by her mother, who knows that it brings health and strength.

Street, W. invaluable. The cost is a guinea for three lessons. Every branch of ball-room dancing is taught by experts, and careful attention is given to that essential but elusive quality—correct style. Lessons or classes can be arranged at any hour from 10.30 a.m. up to nine or ten o'clock at night.

Connoisseurs of good china, who warmly appreciate the artistic productions of the Royal Doulton Potteries, will delight in the beautifully illustrated book which has just been published, giving the romantic history of this famous firm. The brief summary of the rise and expansion of the potteries during six reigns is full of interest, from the first page describing the modest beginning in 1815, when two young men, John Watts and John Doulton, acquired an interest in a small pottery in Lambeth, to the long list at the end of exhibition awards won by Doulton wares all over the world. The illustrations—some of them in exquisite colourings—give an excellent idea of every type of the Doulton wares, purely artistic and strictly useful. Amongst the former category is a perfect reproduction in china of *The Sketch* lady who decorates the cover of this paper: a captivating figure in her scarlet crinoline and black poke bonnet, carrying a tray of tiny puppets.



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6 Tea Spoons.	1 Steel.
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THE HOUSE OF LURKING DEATH

(Continued from Page 297.)

it is written. The word of the Lord has come to me. I am the scourge of the Lord."

"Mad as a hatter," murmured Tommy.

"She's been going on like that all the time," whispered Tuppence.

Tommy picked up a book that was lying open, face downwards, on the table. He glanced at the title, and slipped it into his pocket.

Suddenly the old woman rose and turned towards them menacingly.

"Go out from here! The time is at hand. I am the flail of the Lord. The wind bloweth where it listeth—so do I destroy. The ungodly shall perish. This is a house of evil—of evil, I tell you! Beware of the wrath of the Lord, whose handmaiden I am."

She advanced upon them fiercely. Tommy thought it best to humour her and withdrew. As he closed the door, he saw her pick up the Bible again.

"I wonder if she's always been like that," he muttered.

He drew from his pocket the book he had picked up off the table.

"Look at that. Funny reading for an ignorant maid."

Tuppence took the book.

"Materia Medica," she murmured. She looked at the flyleaf. "Edward Logane." "It's an old book. Tommy, I wonder if we could see Miss Logane. Dr. Burrel said she was better."

"Shall we ask Miss Chilcott?"

"No. Let's get hold of a housemaid and send her in to ask."

After a brief delay, they were informed that Miss Logane would see them. They were taken into a big bed-room facing over the lawn. In the bed was an old lady with white hair, her delicate old face drawn by suffering.

"I have been very ill," she said faintly, "and I can't talk much; but Ellen tells me you are detectives. Lois went to consult you then? She spoke of doing so."

"Yes, Miss Logane," said Tommy. "We don't want to tire you, but perhaps you can answer a few questions. The maid Hannah, is she quite right in her head?"

Miss Logane looked at them with obvious surprise.

"Oh, yes. She is very religious—but there is nothing wrong with her."

Tommy held out the book he had taken from the table.

"Is this yours, Miss Logane?"

"Yes. It was one of my father's books. He was a great man, a doctor, one of the pioneers of serum therapeutics."

The old lady's voice rang with pride.

"Quite so," said Tommy. "I thought I knew his name," he added mendaciously. "This book, now, did you lend it to Hannah?"

"To Hannah?" Miss Logane raised herself in bed with indignation. "No indeed. She wouldn't understand the first word of it. It is a highly technical work."

"Yes. I see that. Yet I found it in Hannah's room."

"Disgraceful!" said Miss Logane. "I will not have the servants touching my things."

"Where ought it to be?"

"In the bookshelf in my sitting-room—or—stay, I lent it to Mary. The dear girl is very interested in herbs. She has made one or two experiments in my little kitchen. I have a little place of my own, you know, where I brew liqueurs and make preserves in the old-fashioned way. Dear Lucy—Lady Radclyffe, you know—used to swear by my tansy tea—a wonderful thing for a cold in the head. Poor Lucy, she was subject to colds. So was Dennis. Dear boy, his father was my first cousin."

Tommy interrupted these reminiscences.

"This kitchen of yours? Does anyone else use it except you and Miss Chilcott?"

"Hannah clears up there. And she boils the kettle there for our early morning tea."

"Thank you, Miss Logane," said Tommy. "There is nothing more I want to ask you at present. I hope we haven't tired you too much."

He left the room and went down the stairs, frowning to himself.

"It's a damned queer case. Was it Dennis Radclyffe who poisoned the sandwiches, knowing he would be out? If so, how did he himself come to be poisoned? Did Hannah do it, in a fit of religious mania? Where does Mary Chilcott come in? Are any of the other servants mixed up in it? I can't believe they are."

"Did you notice all those red spots on Miss Logane's left arm?" said Tuppence. "I thought perhaps she took drugs, but her eyes are all right. Who's been giving her hypodermic injections?"

"Dr. Burrel probably."

"Not all those."

"Well, let's go for a walk and try to think things out."

Tuppence accepted the suggestion. They left the cocktail glass at the doctor's house, lunched at the village inn, and then went for a good tramp across the surrounding country. On their way back they stopped at the doctor's house again.

"Mr. Blunt?" inquired the boy who opened the door. "The doctor's out, but he left a message for you in case you should call."

He handed them a note. Tommy tore it open.

"Dear Mr. Blunt,—There is reason to believe that the poison employed was ricin, a vegetable toxalbumose of tremendous potency. Please keep this to yourself for the present."

[Continued overleaf.]

BOURNEMOUTH FOR THE WINTER

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SUNSHINE

GOLF
COURSES

PINE
WOODS



Photo: J. Reade.

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MOTOR
TRIPS

SUNNY
UNDERCLIFF
DRIVE

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(Continued)

Tommy let the note drop, but picked it up quickly.

"Ricin," he murmured. "Know anything about it, Tuppence? You used to be rather well up in these things."

"Ricin," said Tuppence thoughtfully. "You get it out of castor-oil, I believe."

"I never did take kindly to castor-oil," said Tommy. "I am more set against it than ever now."

"The oil's all right. You get ricin from the seeds of the castor-oil plant. I believe I saw some castor-oil plants in the garden this morning—big things with glossy leaves."

"You mean that someone extracted the stuff on the premises. Could Hannah do such a thing?"

Tuppence shook her head.

"Doesn't seem likely. She wouldn't know enough."

Suddenly Tommy gave an exclamation.

"That book. Have I got it in my pocket still? Yes." He took it out and turned over the leaves vehemently. "I thought so. Here's the page it was open at this morning. Do you see, Tuppence? *Ricin!*"

Tuppence seized the book from him.

"Can you make head or tail of it? I can't."

"It's clear enough to me," said Tuppence. She walked along, reading busily, with one hand on Tommy's arm to steer herself. Presently she shut the book with a bang. They were just approaching the house again.

"Tommy, will you leave this to me? Just for once; you see, I am the bull that has been more than twenty minutes in the arena."

Tommy nodded.

"You shall be Captain of the Ship, Tuppence," he said gravely. "We've got to put this thing through."

"First of all," said Tuppence, as they

entered the house, "I must ask Miss Logane one more question."

She ran upstairs. Tommy followed her. She rapped sharply on the old lady's door, and went in.

"Is that you, my dear?" said Miss Logane. "You know you are much too young and pretty to be a detective. Have you found out anything?"

"Yes," said Tuppence; "I have. And, being young, I happened to work in a hospital during the war. I know something about serum therapeutics. I happen to know that when ricin is injected in small doses hypodermically immunity is produced. Antiricin is formed. That fact paved the way for the foundation of serum therapeutics. You know that, Miss Logane. You injected ricin for some time hypodermically into yourself. Then you let yourself be poisoned with the rest. You helped your father in his work, and you knew all about ricin and how to obtain it and extract it from the seeds. You chose a day when Dennis Radclyffe was out for tea. It wouldn't do for him to be poisoned at the same time—he might die before Lois Hargreaves. So long as she died first, he inherited her money, and at his death it passes to you, his next of kin. You remember, you told us this morning that his father was your first cousin."

The old lady stared at Tuppence with baleful eyes.

Suddenly a wild figure burst in from the adjoining room. It was Hannah. In her hand she held a lighted torch, which she waved frantically.

"Truth has been spoken. That is the wicked one. I saw her reading the book and smiling to herself, and I knew. I found the book and the page—but it said nothing to me. But the voice of the Lord spoke to me. She hated my mistress, her Ladyship. She was

always jealous and envious. She hated my own sweet Miss Lois. But the wicked shall perish, the fire of the Lord shall consume them!"

Waving her torch, she sprang forward to the bed.

A cry arose from the old lady.

"Take her away—take her away! It's true—but take her away!"

Tuppence flung herself upon Hannah, but the woman managed to set fire to the curtains of the bed before Tuppence could get the torch from her and stamp on it. Tommy, however, had rushed in from the landing outside. He tore down the bed hangings and managed to stifle the flames with a rug. Then he rushed to Tuppence's assistance, and between them they subdued Hannah just as Dr. Burrell came hurrying in.

A very few words sufficed to put him *au courant* of the situation.

"There was ricin in the cocktail glass as well," he murmured, as he hurried to the bedside.

Then he looked up sharply.

"The shock of fire has been too much for her. She's dead. Perhaps it's as well under the circumstances."

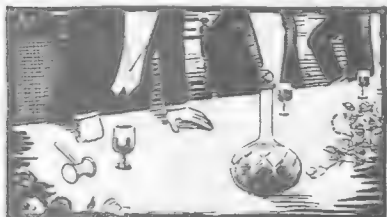
"Much the best thing that could have happened," said Tommy, when they had relinquished Hannah to the doctor's care and were alone together. "Tuppence, you were jolly good."

"There wasn't much Hanaud about it," said Tuppence.

"It was too serious for play-acting. I still can't bear to think of that girl. I won't think of her. But, as I said before, you did jolly well. The honours are with you. To use a familiar quotation, it is a great advantage to be intelligent and not to look it."

"Tommy," said Tuppence, "you're a beast!"

[THE END.]



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If you remember your Hans Andersen (and of course you do), you will not need to have the "rivet" explained. Here it has got into the neck of a present-day character—a fine, amorous, picturesque, courtly, elderly Southerner, Colonel Rudolph Musgrave, head of his clan, people of consequence in Lichfield, U.S.A. It is the tale of his love-affairs, most surprising, unusual, and romantic. He adored chiefly Anne Charteris, and proved his devotion by taking the blame of her husband's misconduct. Thereafter, he fell gradually in love with Patricia, whom he married; but she was flighty, and all but went off with Anne Charteris's erring man. Now Charteris died, and of that mischance Patricia also died. Did the Colonel, then, marry his dear Anne at long last? Read on and see, always remembering the rivet and its effects. Fantastic Mr. Cabell has never been quite so humanely delightful as he is in this subtle blend of realism with romance. Although it is our world, yet, somehow, it is the Cabell-Rabelaisian-mythological world, too, and all very good.

SAILS OF SUNSET. By CECIL ROBERTS. (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)

The "Sails of Sunset" belonged to the Chioggian fishing-boats, which lend a picturesque touch to an agreeable story of Venice and its adjacent coasts. It is a tale of the old antagonism of family pride to young infatuation, for although Peter Neville came of an English house that had given distinguished members to the Services, the Bar, and the Church, he had an impractical

strain in him, and his sympathies lay more towards art and emotion than affairs. Consequently, when he fell in love with Lucia, the daughter of an Italian fishing-fleet master, it was all for love and the world well lost. A human story, well told, on a theme that is as old as the hills but never threadbare—the romance of passionate youth. It is no small feat to lift the familiar Venetian setting above the hackneyed, and in this Mr. Roberts has also succeeded.

THIS SORRY SCHEME. By BRUCE MARSHALL. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)

Here poor old Omar Khayyâm has to do duty once again as a purveyor of book-titles. The Omar habit is almost the patent of one woman novelist; but as there is no copyright in phrases no action is likely to result. Anyhow, this title is appropriate enough to the queer but not new case of Peter Armstrong, forty *plus*, and a slave to business. Married also to a strait-laced prude. But joy comes to Peter in the person of dashing young Diana Fitz-Wighton. He and she go off together, and you might expect Mrs. Armstrong to make a fuss, but she played quite a different card—a card so queer that it is almost worth while reading the book to see just exactly what it was.

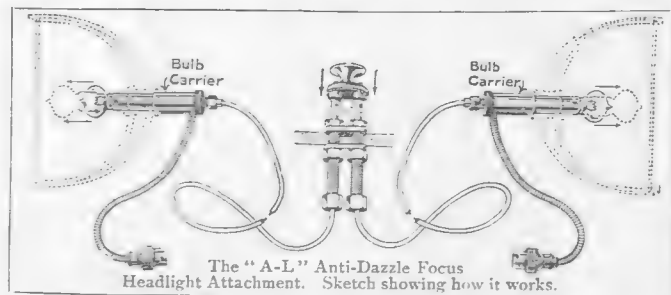
HIS MORTAL TENEMENT. By A. J. DAWSON. (Grant Richards; 3s. 6d.)

A little story, but arresting. Told in Morocco by mysterious, haunted Mr. Merton. To ease his mind, Merton unfolds a strange and terrible experience. He had a friend, Critchett, an eminent man of science, who, although the best and kindest of fellows, had a forbidding scowl that alienated people generally. Worse still, it scared off the

woman he loved. Having mastered psychic and physical secrets, Critchett transferred his own soul to the body of a handsome ne'er-do-weel, Clifford, in whose likeness he married the woman of his desire. But he was pledged to let Clifford return in five years. That is the crux, and the resulting situation is strong enough to carry off a story that at first seems too artificial and arbitrary. Before the end, it makes you look fearfully over your shoulder. Spooky, spooky.

THE TWO MAUREENS. By DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

A rollicking, unbelievable tale of two aristocratic Irish waifs, Maureen Delmarton and her brother Leo, "discovered" at their wits' end in London. Maureen has a brain-wave—to impersonate her aged globe-trotting aunt, Lady Maureen Delmarton, and on the strength of that to take a country house and P.G.s for the hunting season. Without hunting Maureen cannot live. By unconscionable bluff the pair get started and collect, by advertisement, just the queer gang one would expect. Lovely, dashing Maureen, in a white wig, poses with miraculous success as her sixty-and-odd-year-old aunt, happily absent in Japan. How penniless young Maureen escaped immediate detection you must not inquire. The pace is too good. It was often a very near thing, not on account of verbal slips alone, but also of the "old lady's" incredible risks in the saddle, not to mention house-keeping and financial predicaments. Plenty of hunting episodes, sporting jargon, tearing runs with hounds, and comic situations carry off an amusing, if rather slushy, tale that must not be examined too closely. The Irish servants and the present-day Castle Rackrent business are quite good.



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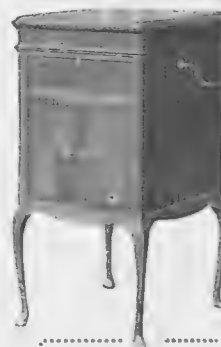
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BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—LXXIII.

THE DECLARE (BY REQUEST.)

SEVERAL people have asked me to recapitulate my views on the declaration. With pleasure, of course, although I do so with the full knowledge that what I say will not make the smallest difference in bidding results. Please don't let any clever body try to get a laugh here at my expense; I know what I am saying: what I write will make no difference, it never does (nor, probably, what any other fellow writes)—still, here goes—hoping!

(As a proof of how the laugh is against me, I must tell you this. Having finished this article, I went to the club, and there struck a partner who on three separate occasions made an original call of two (see below); and each time, by so shutting my mouth, we failed to go game. "What a pity," he said; "if only I had known!" "Yes," I said, "that original call of two nearly always does harm." "Do you think so?" he asked. "Well, I love it, and, harm or no harm, I shall go on making it." Not being of an argumentative nature, I left it at that. You see, even sad experience will not teach.)

There are two kinds of declarations only—offensive and defensive. Offensive, to get the play with a view to scoring; defensive, to get the play with a view to saving the game, even at certain expense.

Both declares require gentle handling. Players must not be carried away in offensive calling on account of flattering cards. More money is lost on good cards than on bad, and always remember it is wiser to sting opponent than to be stung yourself, for which reason defensive calling must not be made too expensive.

A bids four spades against five clubs on this—

SPADES—A, K, Q, 10, 9.
HEARTS—A, x, x.
CLUBS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—K, x, x.

for the most part because he is flattered by his four honours in trumps. Probably he won't make four, and had better double the five club call.

Y bids five clubs on—

SPADES—x.
HEARTS—K, x, x.
CLUBS—K, Q, K_n, 10, 9, 8, 7.
DIAMONDS—A, x.

not because he is flattered by his club honours, but because he is out to save the game cheaply, and hoping to get A out of his depth. The bid plainly is defensive, and is good. There is only one original bid per deal—that made by the player who first speaks. This is the only bid that guarantees strength. It should be made in a major suit. To my mind there is no such original call as one in a minor suit.

The original one no-trump is a doubtful sort—it may be either offensive or defensive. Good players employ the one no-trump call as a defensive measure with most successful results—as such it is the most valuable of all calls. My advice to players is always to look upon partner's one no-trump as a defensive call, and to act accordingly. If it is an offensive bid it will show itself on the second round.

The original suit call requires a hand of sufficient trump strength—not necessarily top honours—to stop the suit twice, with at least two outside quick tricks in different suits. Thus—

SPADES—K, K_n, x, x, x.
HEARTS—A, x.
CLUBS—K, Q, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x, x.

is a good spade call; while—

SPADES—A, Q, K_n, x, x, x.
HEARTS—x.
CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x, x.

is a very bad original spade call.

This is the crux of the declaration—the difference between these two hands as original bidding propositions. It is all that matters in the bidding—other calls will follow automatically. I am going to say this: the first hand is a winner all the time; the second is a loser right through. You want the Bank of England at your back to call an original spade on No. 2—it is so very expensive.

Get this notion of an original call into your head and you won't go far wrong where the declaration is concerned.

I have written at length on this subject before, so if I enumerate my calling ideas, I hope I shall have done as requested.

(1.) There is only one *original* call. This means you can support an original call freely—other calls should not be supported without more than average strength.

(2.) Look upon one no-trump with suspicion. It may be a strong bid—but it will pay you to think of it as a defensive call.

(3.) Never bid one in a minor suit. Freak hands that must be played in a minor become high pre-emptive calling hands. Other minor suit holdings should be bid in no-trumps.

(4.) Never bid two originally. This is the worst possible bid at auction bridge.

(5.) It is doubtful if pre-emptive bidding really pays—except as in case (3) above.

(6.) Once an original call has been made, bid what you can to give partner information, and to try to keep opponent out.

Finally, remember you will never win if you are afraid to call. Over-calling will beat under-calling every time.



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ACROSTIC A4.

Good luck to you, Sir! Now we allay our fears
Hoping to see you thus for seven years.

1. Poor lady! Were the pundits wise
In their advice, and right in their surmise?
2. Deeply methodic in his actions he,
Sworn foe to all dishonesty.
3. A draught of this will ease the anxious mind
Even you may complete oblivion find.
4. Something you cannot buy: there's less
to-day
Than fifty years ago, in ev'ry way.
5. It's good to look upon, alas!
This breed, I fear, away will shortly pass.
6. Calendar term in use in Cæsar's time
Also a fish found in a northern clime.
7. To some it is the lov'liest flower that grows
By this I do not mean a rose.

ACROSTIC B4.

The smoker who's wise
These buys.

1. Reward (sometimes) by King's Command
For those who work on India's coral strand.
2. Half of a mountain: this I'll also say
It's a volcano—do you *comprenez*?

3. A liquid this, of yellow colour, clear,
Be careful not to put a match too near
4. Small matter when you've got a lot
Oh, how important when not one you've got!

ACROSTIC A2.

Coveted always, sought in ev'ry way,
Imperative upon Election Day.

1. Ornament maybe, useful at any rate.
2. A vehicle now rather out of date.
3. Halve it, if you would find the key.
4. Invisible, artistic genius he.
5. A wand'ring minstrel with a song or lay.
6. Used to be white—is often black to-day.
7. A summons, and a sacred emblem, too.
8. This a good child should always be to you.

SOLUTION A2.

Eyeglass
LandaU
(Cl) E F
ChaeF
TroubadoR
Orchestra
RinG
Submissive

ACROSTIC B3.

When winter comes, then let your wand'ring feet
Lead you to this old house in Conduit Street.

1. They measured time this way
At a far distant day.
2. A royal tomb please find
(Call Normandy to mind).
3. Short, close, stingy, nigh,
All these are *simili*.
4. The road to take
Your way to make.
5. Please halve a bird
(Four-letter word).
6. Intangible; but yet
It is always wet.
7. Symbol of honours won,
Yet bought by anyone.

SOLUTION B3.

KaieND
E U
NeaR
Narrow
(Rh) E A
TeaR
HooD

ACROSTIC A2.

One correct solution was received for the second of the series—from F. Rawson.

Solutions with one light wrong from "Cough-drop," "Little Bear," "Horner," and "Cherubino."

Solutions with two lights wrong from "St. Rule," "Creepers," "Shingle," "Jock," "Pie-man," "Cockrobin," "Sister Ann," "Sisera," "Hal," "Student," "Sappho," "Humbug," "Fitzroy," "Simpleton," and "Niblick."

Other solvers had three or more lights wrong.

ACROSTIC B2.

The first correct solution opened was that of Lionel E. Balding, 60, Russell Square, W.C.1, to whom the prize of £1 has been awarded.

Other correct solutions were received from "Giles" and "Waggle."

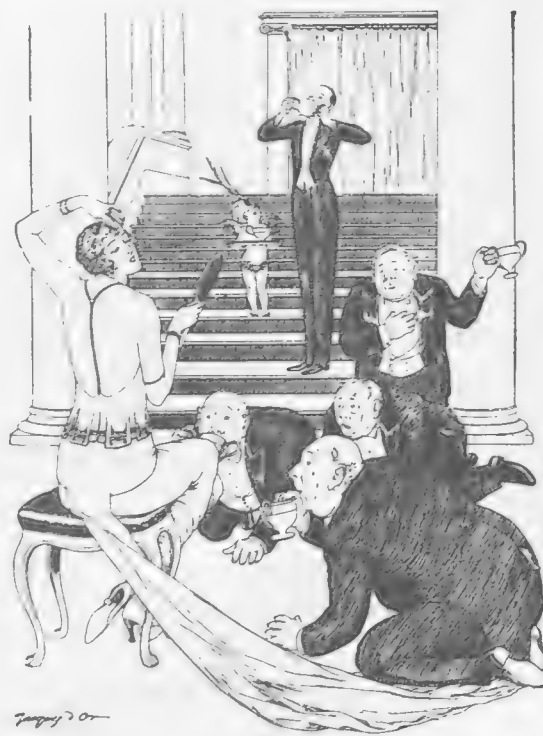
Solutions with one light wrong from "Jacques," "Edina," "Joe," "Niblick," "Bookworm," "Zephyr," "Little Bear." With two lights wrong from: "Chelsea China," "Hampstead," "Crabtree," and "Amelia."

Other solvers had three or more lights wrong.

Teal cannot be accepted as an alternative light to Rhea, as this would mean that the Bird had been beheaded and curtailed, not halved.

(For Rules see Page xlv.)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



Pork;

AN ESSAY IN BLATANCY

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

IT is not often that I indulge in naked statements. I prefer to clothe my language, since a nude statement inspires even less emotion than a nude woman.

But nowadays vulgarity has achieved a certain vogue, and so, as representing a fashionable firm, I may be pardoned an occasional excursion into vulgar discourse.

The naked and the very obvious statement of fact is that the House of Pope and Bradley is easily the first and greatest of the producers of men's tailoring in Europe. It is first both in artistry and in commerce. The Income Tax the firm pays represents an unpleasant confirmation of its material success.

The rudiments of style come easily to the artist; which is why, as controller of this firm, I am able to devote 90 per cent. of my time to literature, finding 10 per cent. amply sufficient for the dictation of the subtleties of tailoring.

In no spirit of snobbery I relate the following incident. Circumstance has not led me to meet many tailors, but a few years ago, in a West End Club, I happened to meet a partner of one of the best known Savile Row firms. On his own initiative he engaged me on certain points of style. The sleeves of his dinner jacket were ridiculously wide, so I asked him if the purpose was for the concealment of rabbits. Mine were sufficiently narrow to take an 8½ inch shirt cuff: a simple and anatomical point of style which accentuates the waist effect. Six months later the Savile Row firm corrected this absurdity.

Surrendering to a vulgar aggressiveness—which will not be worth while repeating—the men's fashions of London and of the world have been set for the last decade by Pope and Bradley. In reality style is the simple study of outline. The Victorian crudities have been knocked out. Savile Row, and the entire West End, merely copy the fashions set by this House. And personally I appreciate the compliment of their adaptations.

After the blatancy of this little discourse, it is pleasant to record that there is one really modest feature about the House: the prices charged. Lounge Suits from £9 9s.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s.; Dress Suits from £16 16s.; Overcoats from £7 7s.; Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
2, 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



The mysterious fragrance of Tsang-Ihang, sweet perfume from the "mystic land beyond the Himalayas," touches a hidden spring of exquisite delight.

Perfume 2/9, 4/9, 9/6.
Toilet Cream 1/-
Face Powder 9d.
etc.

GROSSMITH'S
TSANG-IHANG
Sweet PERFUME of Thibet



Now! for my
MIRANDA'S DREAM

**How to get a
10d. Free Coupon.**

Enquire at your usual Tobacconist for Beautiful 1/- Sample Box containing 6 Miranda's Dream Am-bar Cigarettes, assorted Silk-tipped, Gold-tipped, Cork-tipped, and Plain, with presentation coupon value 10d., to be exchanged in part purchase of a box of 50 of your favourite Miranda's Dream at your Tobacconist's.

After dinner, with your coffee, just recall the delicious fragrance of a thousand flowers in the enchanting perfume of this cigarette.

Miranda's Dream Am-bar is the Orient's most delicious perfume, and is impregnated into the finest Oriental tobaccos for the making of Miranda's Dream Cigarettes.

Beautifully made, the welcome oval shape, they are tipped with gold, cork and silk of various colours.

At leading tobacconists, or in case of difficulty send 1/- P.O. or stamps to—

MIRANDA LTD.
58 DEVONSHIRE ST.
LONDON, E.C.2



**SPECIAL OFFER OF
500 CHILDREN'S
KNITTED JERSEY SUITS
FOR
AUTUMN WEAR**



Exceptional offer of 500 Children's Fleecy Woollen Breechette Suits, comprising Coat, Cap and Leggings, made from good quality yarn in three practical designs, suitable for both Little Boys and Girls, in dainty colourings with edging of contrasting shades, including white/sky, white/pink, sky/white, sky/fawn, saxe/fawn, fawn/saxe, fawn/almond, russet/champagne, helio/fawn, pink/white, almond/fawn and all white. Sizes 14 inch to 20 inch (coat length). Suitable for 18 months to 5 years.

Price 20/- for 14 inch

Rising 2/6 each size.

Usual Price from 30/-

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Vere Street & Oxford Street, LONDON, W1

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QUALITY, the attribute that has made St. Margaret famous for generations is more than ever maintained to-day in St. Margaret Underwear for Men and Women

Value for money has always been the basis upon which the discerning buyer has chosen—and to-day, as in the past, such buyers choose St. Margaret Underwear.

The finish, fit and comfort, the long wear and the value for money it offers is guaranteed by 120 years experience in the manufacture of Knitted Goods.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, 134, and name of nearest St. Margaret retailer, post free, on request to St. Margaret's Works, Leicester.

St. Margaret
Famed for knitted goods since 1802. **UNDERWEAR**

THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

The Chef Insulted.

Do you know what a *marmiton* is? Probably not. It is the *argot* word for a kitchen boy, who hopes one day to become a *chef*. He wears the white linen jacket and the white linen cap of his trade, but tradition requires that the cap must be flat. It is only the *chef* who has the right to wear it heavily pleated and puffed up high above the head, rather like an old-fashioned nightcap. I have noticed, by the way, that all the so-called *chefs* that I have ever seen in England only sport the flat variety of head-gear. Is it because in their secret hearts they know that their professional talents do not rise beyond those of a *marmiton*?

I am reminded of the distinction by a story which is being told about Anatole France's cook. He was a very magnificent person, as was appropriate for preparing the food of one who was such a refined and perfect artist in all the delicate pleasures of the senses. In the morning he made his entrance and his exit in the grand manner when he presented the menu of the day. He was all the more indignant when he read in a local paper of Tours some reference to Anatole France's *marmiton*. He rang up the editor on the telephone. "No doubt you can only afford a *marmiton*," he said; "but please understand that Anatole France has a *chef*."

The cooks are very much before the public just now. At the Workers' Exhibition at the Hotel de Ville, the competition among working dressmakers, of which I have already told you something, has been followed by a competition among working cooks—men who are something more than *marmitons*, but are not quite *chefs*. Most of the winners belong

to the kitchen staffs of the principal hotels—the French call "palaces," using the English word—but one or two are proprietors of hitherto little-known restaurants, which will doubtless now become famous. The Workers' Exhibition includes some terrible things in the direction of the laboriously hideous, such as a model of the Mont St. Michel entirely made of pieces of cork; but these competitions have quite justified its existence.

Theatrical Events.

The French theatre is ahead of the English in many things—notably in the general level of the acting—but there are some in which it has followed ours. Years ago, Sarah Bernhardt copied many of her scenic effects, and notably her stage lighting, from Henry Irving. Now André Brulé has given us a new playhouse, the Théâtre de la Madeleine, with a comfortable auditorium which reminds one of London. The play itself is founded on the famous eighteenth-century novel, "Manon Lescaut." There is no author's name on the programme, but everyone knows that it is, in part at least, the work of Henry Bataille, who was, however, not satisfied with it before he died, and whose heirs will not let it appear over his signature. There are some scenes which clearly bear the mark of his great talent in emotional subtlety, though it is by no means a great play. However, it will no doubt be a success, partly because it presents a charming series of stage pictures, partly because André Brulé is a very popular hero, and partly because Jane Marnac looks enchanting, and acts very well as the fair but very frail lady of the title. Brulé appears certainly to have established his theatre as one of the places where you have to go.

Franco-German Football.

Football is providing the first occasions for the Franco-German reconciliation, which was bound to come sooner or later. It began with the match between two teams representing Labour organisations, and although the brotherly embrace between the two captains at the beginning of the match gave offence to some, who have bitter memories of the war, there was no hostile demonstration, and the event was soon followed by a meeting between the Borussia, of Berlin, and the Club Français. Unfortunately, the French were beaten on both occasions, but this has not discouraged the enthusiasts for this form of international sport, and there is now talk of a visit from the Herta, which comes from Berlin, to play the Paris Red Star Club, and of a German team to meet the Stade Français.

BOULEVARDIER.

ACROSTIC RULES.

- 1.—The Acrostic Editor is at all times willing to consider alternative solutions; but only in cases where both solutions are equally apposite. To this end, and for all purposes of this competition, the Acrostic Editor's decision must be final.
- 2.—Each solution sent in must be accompanied by the acrostic itself.
- 3.—All solutions should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, "The Sketch," 15, Essex Street, Strand, and should reach this office by the first post on the Monday following publication of the acrostic. Evidence of posting cannot be accepted as proof of receipt.
- 4.—All solutions should be accompanied by a pseudonym, as well as the name and address of the sender.

Murdochs invite you to hear the SPENCER PIANOS

'The Piano of Beautiful Tone'

Everything good is embodied in the famous Spencer Baby Grand. The parts which are not seen—the correctly made back, the massive steel frame, the wonderfully resonant sound-board—are just as necessary in the perfect Piano as are the Ivory keys and the beautiful case. All these, together with many other details of care and forethought, go to make the Spencer the finest Baby Grand in the world.

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The Spencer is also made in Overstrung Uprights, Player Uprights and Player Baby Grand Models

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Ashford, Bedford, Brighton, Cambridge, Chatham, Dover, Folkestone, Maidstone, Newport (I.W.), Peterboro', Sheerness, Southampton, Southsea, Tunbridge Wells, etc.



The Original Pneumatic Rubber Cushion Hair Brush!

To stimulate your scalp, eliminate dandruff and keep your hair bright and healthy, you must use a brush that penetrates the hair, not one that runs over it. The only brush which does this thoroughly without tugging at the roots is the one invented and manufactured in London by Mason Pearson since 1885.

The Wild-Boar Bristles of which it is made (the only perfect hair-brushing material) are set firmly, yet flexibly, in a rubber air cushion that enables them to sweep through the hair without catching it, combing out the most rebellious tangles with perfect comfort, even to Invalids.

LOOK FOR THE NAME ON THE HANDLE.
Made in four grades: "Junior" 7/6, "Popular" 10/6, "Standard" 15/-, and "Extra" 18/6.

MASON PEARSON

London England

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(REGD. TRADE MARK)

THE OIL-BOUND WATER PAINT.

For new or old homes!

There is no decoration to compare with Hall's Distemper in artistic beauty, or in the practical advantages it offers.



By Appointment
to H.M. the King.

Decoration with Hall's Distemper in place of wallpaper will so freshen up the "old home" as to give all the benefits of a change to a new one.

If unable to obtain locally, please communicate with the Sole Manufacturers:

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., — HULL and LONDON.

44a

Fragrant & fresh as the flowers

Only perfumes of such delicate freshness and bouquet could have achieved so great a popularity among women of good taste as Zenobia Flower Perfumes.

They are wonderfully faithful to nature and add a dainty and appealing charm to the personal toilet.

ZENOBBIA PERFUMES

Here are three delightful Zenobia Flower Perfumes:

Lily of the Valley—

Without a peer in its pure fragrance—the flower itself in all its fresh beauty.

Sweet Pea Blossom—

The Original and only true scent of this name.

Night Scented Stock—

True to the sweet flower perfume of this old-world favourite.

Prices 3/., 5/., 8/6 and 15/6.

Make this Test

Send for Bijou Trial Box of Soap, Perfume, Powder and Sachet. State which perfume you prefer—Lily of the Valley, Sweet Pea Blossom or Night Scented Stock. Enclose 1/- P.O. and address Zenobia Limited, (Dept. M.), Loughborough, Leicestershire.

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High-class
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The Bread that is 100% sustaining, nourishing food, is the food to eat to-day

Bermaline Bread is all food, it has nourishment in every crumb and is the ideal daily bread. Just try it, you will like it and enjoy the change

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D. S. MORRIS,

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For Services Rendered

CONSIDER, if you please, this truism: everything in this world must be paid for. In the case of a Suit of Clothes such as Mr. Morris makes there are certain essential things which must be paid for (and they are well worth it). For instance, Skill in weaving the cloth, Experience in choosing it, Care in cutting, making, fitting. Meticulous care in these things accounts for the fact that a suit made by D. S. Morris grows old gracefully and by slow degrees—it never loses its shape, it never looks anything but a product of the West-End. It is the soundest investment of its kind in the world.

DINNER SUITS FROM 12 GNS.

To prevent chills, wear the "CORSTAY"
Figure Belt (Reg.) Price 25/-

D. S. Morris
Established 30 years.
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O. & S. 94.



"Ganesh" Chin Strap: removes double chins, and preserves the youthful appearance of the face. 21/6 and 25/6



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A WONDERFUL YOUTH RESTORER.

GANESH Eastern Muscle Developing Oil is a marvellous youth restorer, and by supplying the exhausted tissues with new life, and bracing up the muscles of the face and neck into correct position, all lines and hollows are removed. Hundreds of grateful letters testifying to the marvellous properties of this oil, have been received. In sizes 5/6, 10/6 and 21/6. Eleanor Adair will be pleased to give free advice on the care of the skin and hair if readers will write or call.

Eleanor Adair

Write or
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interesting
Beauty
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The originator of the Strapping Muscle Treatment.
Dept. B—92, New Bond St., London, W.1
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Recommended
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A "BEAUFORTSHIRE" BUDGET.

Double
"Blues."

Most people have been so busy electioneering that the chase has been given more misses than hits, though there have been some quite amusing proceedings over the open, the Avening, Hilmarton, and Lyegrove days each contributing excursions replete with the excitements and perils of blind ditches and the jungle-growth snares of the summer's legacy. Such a raw cold morning, but a biggish muster at Lyegrove, fortified by hope, which told a flattering tale, however. The laden trays and clinking glasses of over-night dreams sadly lacked reality, and the only warming-up was the gallop after the cub that led rapid-like over Tormarton walls and adown the Sodbury Vale. Both Wiltshire and Gloucestershire dwellers took a keen interest in the political campaigns and possible futures of two brilliant young men, both ardent fox-hunters when opportunity serves—Lord Apsley, the Member for Southampton, and Captain Victor Cazalet, the new Chippenham M.P. Lord Worcester, Sir George Holford, and Sir Audley Neeld are amongst prominent "Beaufortites" who have been speechifying in support of the "Blue" cause, which is appropriate enough for those that wear coats of that hue to hunt in. Truth to tell, we've been so terribly popular with our gallant warriors of late years that, though we love to see the dears enjoying themselves, the farmers do go on so about the damage they do, charging at anything they sight, with mixed results, and the protective tariff is up a bit. The 12th and 17th Lancers and the 14th Hussars are the Tidworth lot who will depute representatives. The Bulford Gunners, who hunted with us

last season, have moved on, and a fresh lot is expected in their place; while the Chestnut Troop is bidding farewell to that pet station, Trowbridge.

Soldier Shop.

Captain Ralph Spicer has been appointed Adjutant of the Wiltshire Yeomanry—a job which is deemed rather a plum, especially considering the hunting amenities attaching, and there was very strong competition for it. Before a final decision as to the respective claims of the numerous applicants could be arrived at the most exalted wishes were, it is whispered, consulted, this regiment having a Royal Colonel-in-Chief. Which reminds us that another soldier-sportsman well known here, Captain Douglas Greenacre, of the Welsh Guards, is to be an A.D.C. to the Prince of Wales, in which capacity he will accompany him to South Africa anon, which is sure to be a delightful experience. Captain and Mrs. Ralph Spicer are installed at Sloperton Cottage, Bromham, a charming old house on the Spy estate, famous as the residence of the poet Moore. They have now a small son, on whose arrival many congratulations were received. Captain Frank Spicer will also be with us; and Captain "Bill" Harris, of the Royals, intends keeping his horses in the country again, and hunting here all his leave; whilst afterwards odd days from Aldershot will doubtless be managed. Another local "Royal," Major "Bill" Miles, and his wife (née Miss Mary Gibbs) hope to hunt from Didmarton. This young couple also now possess a small son to bring up in the hunting traditions of the family. Miss Dolly Miles intends visiting her younger brother, Mr. "Tich" Miles, in Kenya Colony, and will be much missed in hunting circles. Captain

and Mrs. Simon Brown have taken a "half-way" house at Rowde, between Tidworth and Beaufortshire. Captain Geoffrey Bishop, of the 9th Lancers, is expected shortly at Barton Abbots, on leave that will take in a good slice of the season. Captain Donner, of the 10th Hussars, will also probably do his fox-chasing here; and, altogether, we don't look like being short of the soldier element, which generally absorbs all spare quarters and stabling, once the leave season gets going.

Merry
Malmesbury.

Malmesbury is full up again. Major and Mrs. Philip Hunloke are now established at Cowbridge House, for long the residence of the de Bertodano family, and are, of course, a great acquisition to Beaufortshire. Major Hunloke, so well known in yachting circles (does he not steer his Majesty's *Britannia* in her races at Cowes?) is, of course, a Groom-in-Waiting to the King. Mrs. Hunloke, a fine judge of horseflesh, is a noted exhibitor of ponies, and has had many successes at the principal shows.

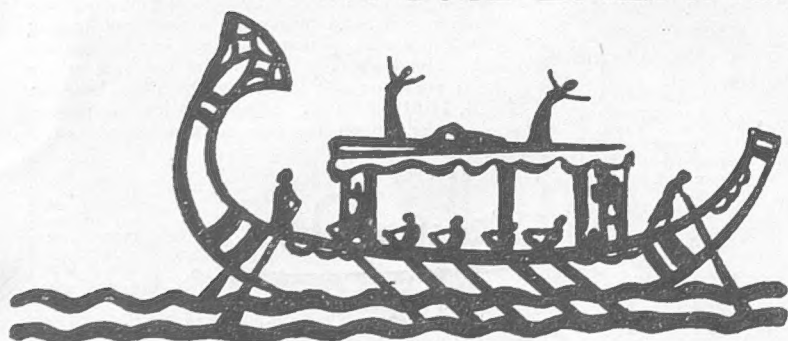
Mr. Storey, though he purchased Ingelbourne Manor—more familiarly known as Burton Hill House—continues to reside at the Manor House, the grounds of which are safeguarded and extended by his new acquisition. The fate of Colonel Napier-Miles's old home itself is not yet decided. Mr. Storey's secretary, Major Grimshaw, well known in Indian polo and racing circles, moves across the road from Little Ingelbourne to a house which formed part of the Burton Hill estate, and is now in process of being added to. Malmesbury is a capital centre, but other news of its sporting colony, new and old, must wait till next week.

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WONDERLANDSUPERFLUOUS HAIR
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Not Electrolysis
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By an Entirely New Method the Wonderful Solray Treatment Painlessly and Permanently Destroys any Hair Growth Without Leaving the Slightest Trace.

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in real hard-grain morocco leather, fitted with special deep pocket for treasury notes, lined striped moire poplin, inside purse division lined white kid, four fittings in front as illustrated, Boots registered design.

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**Ess
Viotto
Soap**

THE beauty and delicacy of a youthful complexion are preserved and enhanced by the use of this new soap. A treasure for the woman of charm and refinement who already uses Ess Viotto.

Price per box of 3 tablets - 2/-

Ess Viotto for the hands

2/6 4/9 6/9 per bottle

If unobtainable from your usual retailer, order direct with remittance.

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The most Lasting of Perfumes.
Parfum "VOLT"



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Everywhere



THE
AMPICO
A PIANO AND
MUSICIAN IN
ONE

The Ampico has the mysterious power of introducing into your home circle all the great musicians to play for you.

RACHMANINOFF
This great master records his playing exclusively for the Ampico.

Perfect music, too for dancing is brought into your home with the Ampico.

The piano is in no way affected by the Ampico when you desire to play it by hand. Write for literature and particulars.
Your little used or silent piano has value in exchange for the Ampico Piano.



ANGELUS HALL
233, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

The Original Mackay

60 YEARS AGO

The Firm of Mackay

were the first to introduce
LIQUEUR WHISKY

Its success has led to the existence of many inferior Brands offered under similar title.

MACKAY'S—THE ORIGINAL—LIQUEUR WHISKY

combines in rare age and choice Bouquet the perfection of Highland Whisky. A Healthful Tonic—it satisfies and leaves no craving. Used in the leading clubs throughout the world.

Costs no more than ordinary whisky.

150/- per dozen case delivered free in U.K.

A. & B. MACKAY LTD., GLASGOW.



OLDEST & BEST

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CABARET.

"THICK, please," said Our Stroller. "Oh, I'm sorry; I have spilt the salt." "Never mind," laughed the waitress, "these coloured table-cloths wash very well." She threw a pinch of salt over his left shoulder.

"You've spoilt your luck in the Rubber Market. After keeping you on the right side for the past three weeks—"

"I owe you money on Anglo-Dutch and Bajoe Kidoels, anyway. Yes, I can't grumble. Isn't it rather over-doing it, bringing me here?"

"I thought the Ham-Bone Club would amuse you," replied the broker. "Don't you think it's quaint?"

"Rather!" Our Stroller looked round the jolly little dining-room; the somewhat unusual pictures, the oak-beam inscribed: "Hush! There is no need to be coarse"; the well, below which the dancing-floor caught a soft gleam from the electric lights.

"I like it," said Our Stroller, examining "Jacob and John." "What a picture! By the way, that reminds me: What am I to do with my Wallpaper Deferred?"

"Keep them. Disregard occasional fluctuations, and wait for another five shillings in the price."

"Right you are. I'm doubtful whether I ought to sell my Cements."

"Turn them out, and put the money into Eastwoods. You'll do better with them than with Cements."

"Shop!" called a man from the next table. He rose, and greeted the broker, who introduced him to Our Stroller.

"You see his name on pictures in all the papers," remarked the broker shamelessly. "What's the trouble now?"

"You were talking shop, weren't you?"

The broker nodded.

"I've got Associated Gold Mines, and the price sticks about 14s. like a barnacle to a battleship."

"Get rid of them, then. Turn them into Burma Corporations. That will give you more fun, and greater scope for making money."

"Burmas pay dividends?"

"Oh, yes; and are likely to increase them. You get something with a free market; a popular share with the Middle East, and the price is bound to go better if the base metals keep on rising."

"I'll think it over."

"Don't do that. It's fatal."

The artist laughed. "Have it your own way," he rejoined. "I've only got 300 Associated."

"I'll spread the money over Zine Ordinary and Burma Corps. Have a Benedictine?"

He paid the bill, and the broker and Our Stroller, pausing for a minute to look at the tiny bar, went downstairs into Ham Yard.

"My turn now," said Our Stroller, beckoning to a taxi. "Grafton Galleries, please."

They walked down the corridor, Our Stroller signed his name, and they descended the stairs. It was getting late, and they dropped into a seat to watch the dancing. "Cabaret in half an hour," said Our Stroller, snapping his watch-cover.

"Where all the people in London come from I can't make out," said the broker.

"Oh, just a black coffee at present, I think."

"London transport ought to be a paying proposition."

"And yet it isn't. The only stock I care to recommend is Underground Electric Incomes. They're good at anything up to par."

"Haven't you got any cheap Tramway shares?"

"There's a thing called London United Tramways Preference. They stand about 5s., and the gamblers are talking of a dividend on them before long."

"Think it's likely?"

The broker grunted. "It's too general a tip for me," said he.

"Why don't Phoenix go better?"

"Everybody asks that. I suppose it's because the company seems to be doing so well, and yet the price doesn't respond."

"Thousands of people have got them."

"The trouble is the way that Roumania plays the fool with foreigners working in her territories. The restrictions are absurd, and the grasping way the Roumanians grab at the profits is awfully short-sighted."

"Oh, that's it, is it? I couldn't make it out. Anglo-Persians have picked up nicely."

"And Marconis are a better market, too. Do you like those dresses that make up for being high in front by being—not so high—at the back? Look, that girl's wearing one."

"This is really a pleasant place," commented Our Stroller, looking round at the gay scene. "I've never been to a cabaret before. Are they all like this?"

"Some are better than others. This is one of the good ones. There's the stage in that corner."

The curtains parted slowly, and Stock Exchange talk became as suddenly as appropriately out of place.—Friday, Oct. 31, 1924.

Harvey Nichols

of Knightsbridge

LADIES' DISTINCTIVE HOSE OF ATTRACTIVE DESIGN



Ladies' Silk Hose, reinforced lisle feet and tops. English make, perfect fitting, and thoroughly recommended in wear. In nude, sand, blonde, cinnamon, sunburn sunset, tinsel silver, white or black.

9/11

Pure Silk Hose, Kayser make, strengthened lisle feet and tops. In white, black, nude, flesh, beige, camel, sunburn, silver grey, tan or brown.

Price per pair 8/11

Mercerised Lisle Hose, embroidered silk clox, spliced feet, extremely good wearing. In putty, fawn, grey, mole, beige, nude, tan, brown, white or black.

Price per pair 6/6

Wide Ribbed Pure Wool Cashmere Hose, full fashioned, spliced feet, specially recommended for country wear. In black, white, nude, sunburn, beaver, fawn, tan, brown or grey.

Price per pair 5/11

Super Quality Wool and Artificial Silk Hose, specially reinforced feet, soft and extremely good wearing. In mole, grey, heather, nigger brown, covert, slate, beige, cinnamon, or black/white.

Price per pair 7/11

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

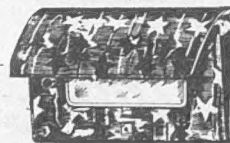
Fashionable Chiffon Velvet RESTAURANT OR HOUSE COATS

At this season of the year there is a large demand for Lounge Coats which, while warm and comfortable in wear, are smart and attractive in appearance. The Lounge Coat illustrated is cut on straight lines, and made from rich quality novelty chiffon velvet, and will be found a most practical and becoming garment for afternoon wear.

NEW RESTAURANT OR HOUSE COAT (as sketch), composed of novelty chiffon velvet in various artistic colourings on rust, flame, jade, fawn, sage and black grounds, cut on graceful lines, and warm and light in weight, long roll collar, finished one pocket. Lined silk throughout.

PRICE

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